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NO. 4 HOW TO SPEAK OUT OF DOORS

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It is July, but on Finals Day a strong breeze is blowing Mr. Pinder's voice sideways, and the sisters and fiancees and the groundsman's family will not stand quite close enough. Mr. Pinder is heard but only partially.

"... once again turning up like a BAD PENNY ... STELLA LUNT'S GOT MY BAT (*this was the Fosdick boy*) ... whose absence we must all deeply regret ... We are all glad that Mr. & Mrs. E.G. (*bark from Mrs. Lunt's poodle*) once more entered the lists CHAMPLE CHAMPLE (*tea tray crashes*) ... above all not forget to thank Mrs. FOSDICK for so admirably looking after the Inner Man *carumb, CARUMB, CARUMB* (*exuberant rattle over the points of the 6.18 from Crystal Palace along the embankment at the back of the tennis courts. At this point it is thought better to switch on the microphone, whereupon every word makes a sound but all words sound alike*). BLARBER BLARBER BLARBER."

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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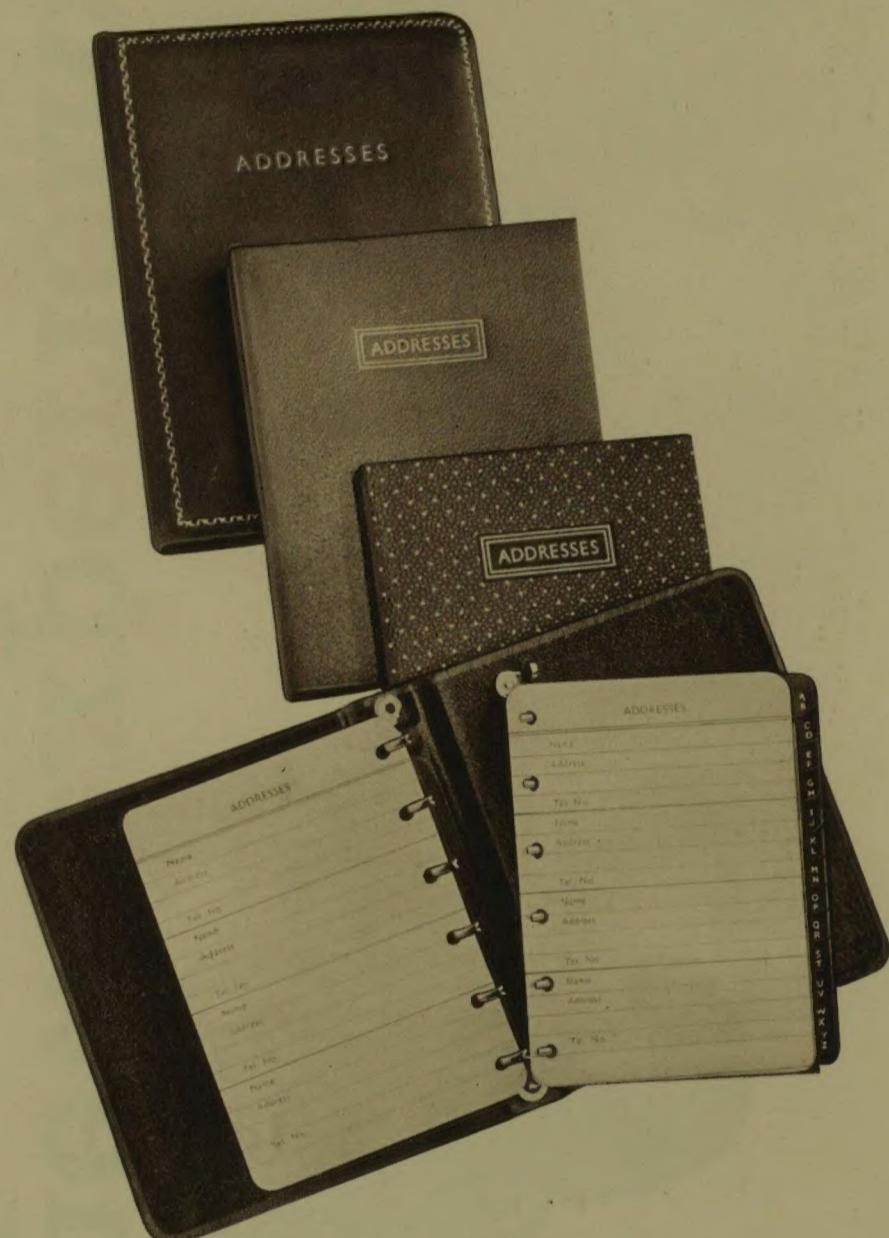
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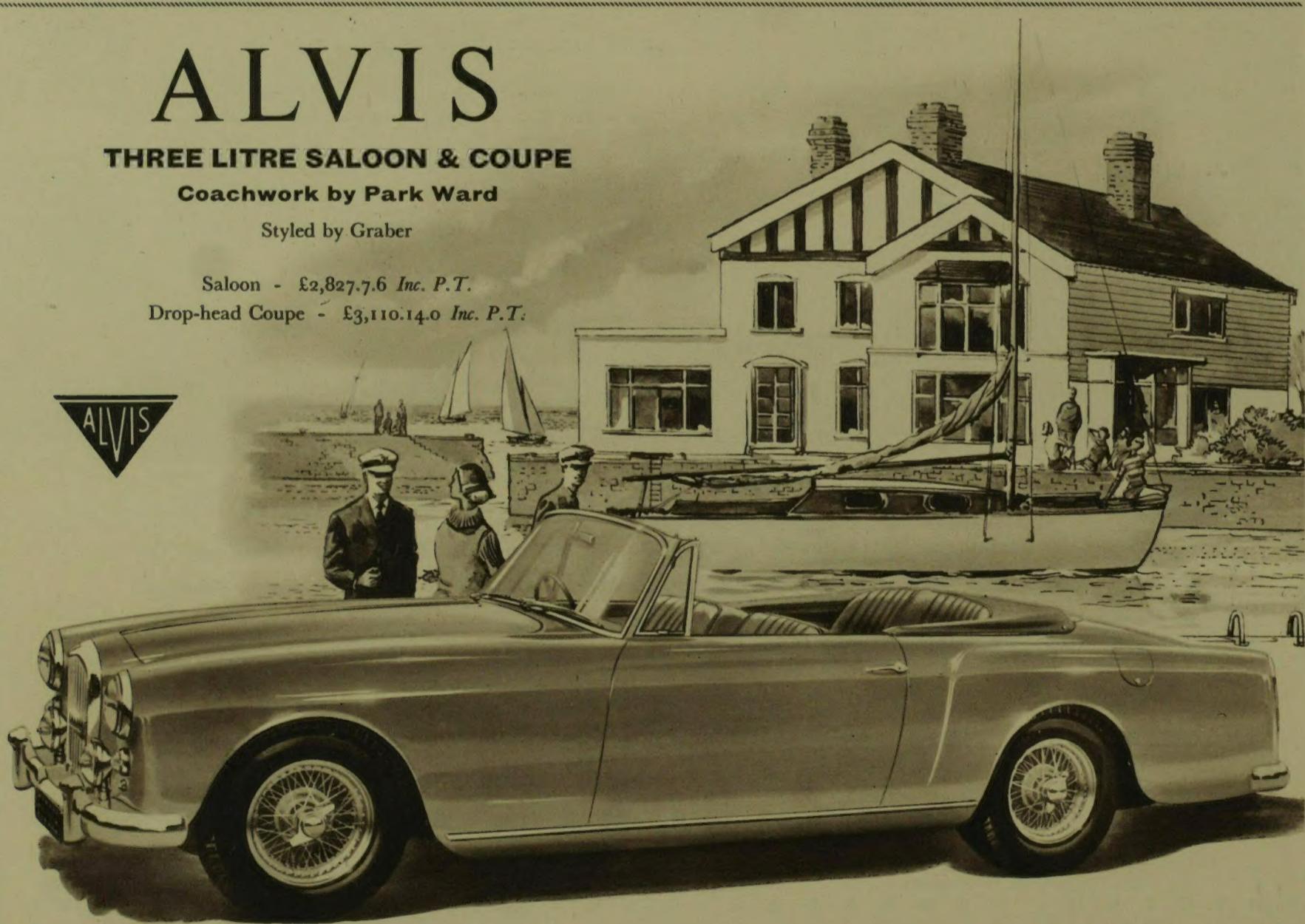
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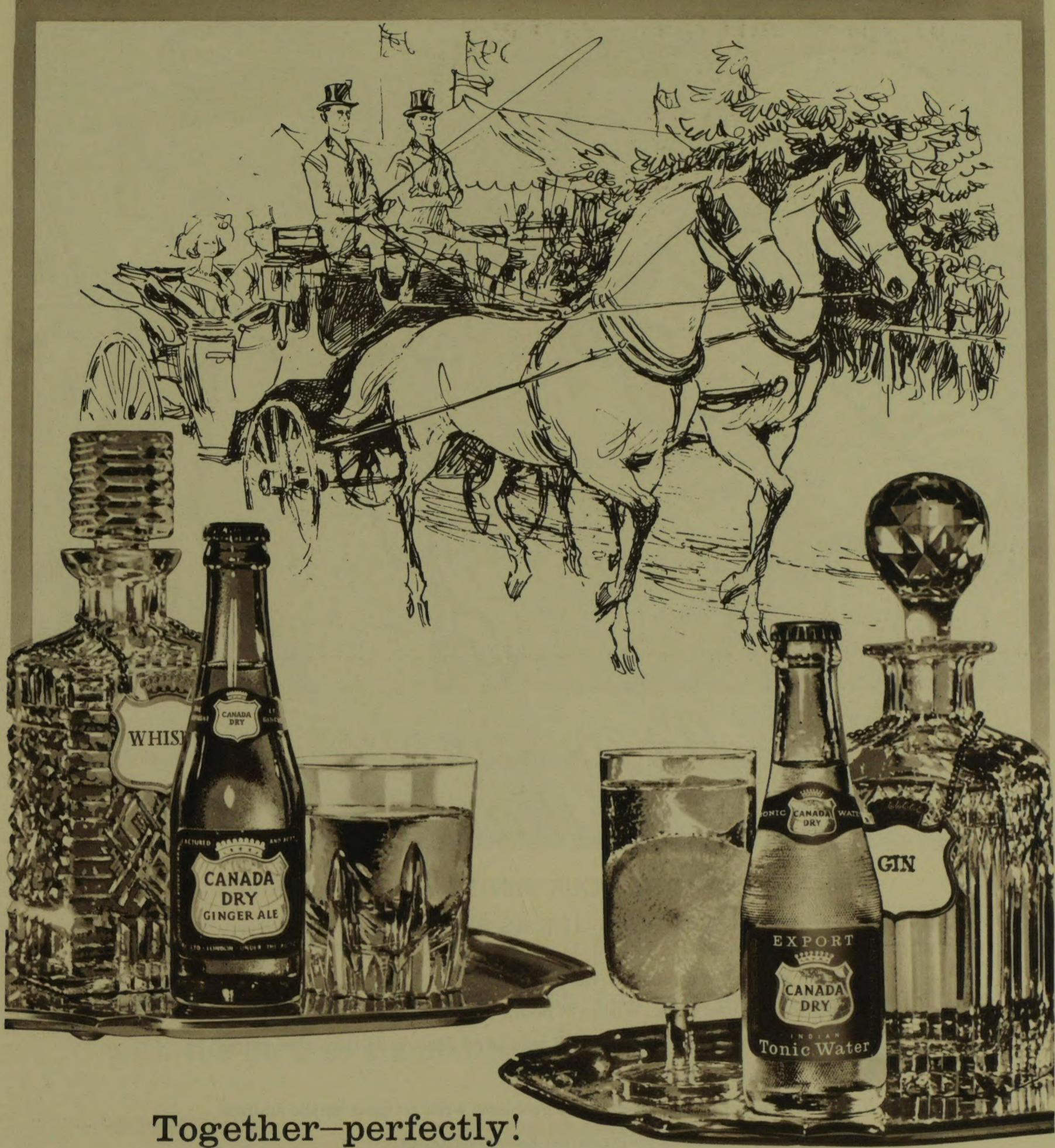
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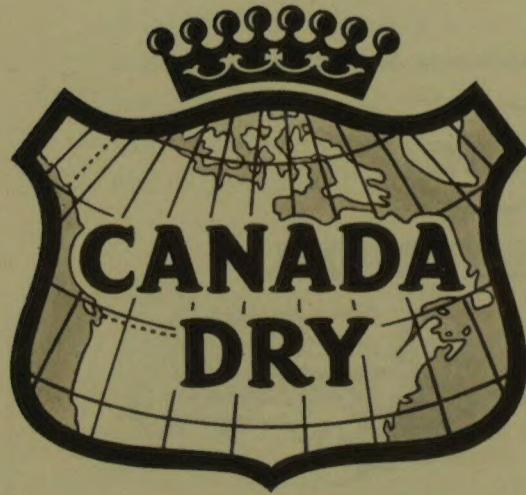
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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1959.



THE QUEEN AND THE TROPICAL WATER-LILIES: AN INCIDENT DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO KEW FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE BICENTENARY OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

On June 2 the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, marked the bicentenary of their inauguration with a garden party which was honoured by the attendance of H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Princess Royal being also present. The Royal visitors were received by Lord Munster, Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey; Mr. Hare, Minister of Agriculture; and Mr. Molson, Minister of Works. While the Duke visited the herbarium, the Queen drove in a Land-Rover along the Syon vista to see the new flagpole—a Douglas fir more than

220 ft. high; and later visited the Palm House, which has been recently restored at a cost of £100,000. After tea in the restored Orangery, at which she was rejoined by the Duke, the Queen and Prince Philip met botanists and horticulturalists from the Commonwealth, the Continent and the United States. The Queen was presented with a bouquet of exotic flowers grown in the gardens; and to commemorate her visit planted a walnut tree, while Prince Philip planted a Dawn Redwood (*Metasequoia glyptostroboides*).



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"A PROFESSION where a man learns loyalty, devotion to duty, the meaning of comradeship, and unselfishness—unselfishness, even if necessary to death." So said Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein at this year's Founder's Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and what he said was true. "We have dedicated ourselves," he began his address to his old comrades-in-arms, the Royal Pensioners, "to the service of our Sovereign and our country, and no man can do more." For it is this that sets the soldier's life apart from other men's; he has taken a vow to obey and be loyal at whatever cost to himself, and on his fidelity to that vow his success or failure as a soldier will depend. These old men, in their scarlet coats, spending the evening of their days in their humble Valhalla beside the Thames at Chelsea, have stood the test and proved true; there is not one of them who has not shown himself ready at one or more times in his life to give that greatest of all proofs of love: to lay down his life for his friends. That and the years of discipline and self-mastery have stamped themselves on each gnarled face, and as, in their Companies under their Captains of Invalids and to the tune of "The Boys of the Old Brigade," they hobble past the saluting-point, every man in his scarlet coat and black Hogarthian tricorne hat, the fact is obvious to even the most unmilitary and least observant eye. Not less resplendent than the shining medals on every uniform, from the humblest to the highest, or the blue Garter ribbon across the breast of the inspecting Field Marshal or Royal Prince, the look of duty performed and duty accomplished in the eyes of men who have never betrayed their trust is the hallmark of this beautiful and intimate London occasion. It must be nearly thirty years since I first saw it, and since 1949, when that *beau idéal* of what a British soldier should be, General Sir Bernard Paget, became and for eight years remained its Governor, I have never, thanks to his generosity and that of his kind and worthy successor, missed a Founder's Day Parade. And I have never left Wren's beautiful parade-ground without a quickened sense that men, who without discipline and self-sacrifice can become the most ignoble of animals, can also with these virtues become the noblest. "An honest man's the noblest work of God," the poet wrote. And 400 honest men parading together, against the exquisite dignity of Wren's Chelsea Hospital—after his own St. Paul's surely the most inspired building in London—is enough to raise the morale of even the most miserable of misanthropes. It certainly raises mine.

This year everything favoured the occasion. Though the day—the birthday of King Charles II, the Royal Hospital's founder—looked heavy with rain in the early morning and clouded over the moment the Parade was over, brilliant sunshine marked every minute of the Parade. The blue uniforms and silver cuirasses and helmets of the Royal Horse Guards' band made a lovely foil to the vivid scarlet of the assembled Pensioners on either side; and the summer English sky made the perfect setting for Wren's essentially English architecture. There is a charming informality about the scene; the four companies stand at ease on the lawns in front of the long colonnaded façade of Chapel and Hall, while the spectators face them on chairs also set out on the grass, while every window of the two flanking buildings is crowded with watching heads, and Charles II's statue—by Grinling Gibbons—in the centre of the parade-ground is embowered almost breast-high with oak leaves, in memory of the October day when "the surly troopers riding by" failed to detect the hunted monarch precariously poised

amid the foliage above their heads. A few of the older or more seriously crippled Pensioners sit in rows on chairs in the colonnades; they parade, like those in the infirmary, in spirit, even though they can no longer march or stand at attention. Kindliness, as much as military precision and

and elms enclosing the Royal Hospital grounds out of the soil of our rustic past. Braggarts and bullies there have been in all armies, but fewer, one feels, in the Army that marches to these airs and honours its old soldiers in this gentle, gracious way, than in any other in the annals of arms. Courage in adversity, resolution through all perils and hardships, have been its hall-mark, but never aggression or conqueror's arrogance. And one recalls with gratitude its historian's words—so worthy of it—that "the British Army will be remembered best not for its countless deeds of daring and invincible stubbornness in battle, but for its leniency in conquest and its gentleness in domination." Yet on this occasion, when at the stroke of eleven the Parade quickened to attention and the inspecting Field Marshal, small, upright and a little lame, walked through the ranks of the spectators by the plumed Governor's side to the saluting-base, one recalled, and with a like pride, the other side of the medal. For the man taking this year's parade, whatever a fickle Press may say of him to-day, is one of the great soldiers of British history, a commander worthy of a place by the side of Marlborough and Wellington, Cromwell and Clive. There were men on the parade-ground who had fought against Arabi Pasha and the Mahdi and served under Wolseley and Roberts of Kandahar, but Victorian veterans in Hanoverian coats and modern Elizabethan children watching on the grass at the parade-ground's edge were one in a timeless unity of a nation's history when the victor of Alamein passed along the scarlet ranks.

The Chelsea Pensioners are not Britain's only Corps of old soldiers. This year sees the 450th anniversary of the foundation of another distinguished military body—"the King's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms." Raised by King Henry VIII in what was almost the earliest act of his reign, the Corps is older than the British Army itself. Its earliest title was that of The King's Speres; a little later in the reign it became known as The Band of Gentlemen-Pensioners—that is, of those who ate at the King's table. It consisted of fifty armed gentlemen and noblemen of the highest trust under a Captain and Lieutenant, with a Standard Bearer, a Clerk of the Cheque to keep the roll and a gentleman Harbinger to provide quarters for them whenever the King went on progress. By the time of Queen Elizabeth I's accession they were already known as Gentlemen-at-Arms, the name they now officially bear. To-day there are fewer than forty of them, together with a dozen or so former members who remain honorary members of their Mess in St. James's Palace. All of them are distinguished retired officers of the British Army, most of whom have held the rank of Colonel or Brigadier and one or two of Major-General; between them they can boast no fewer than thirty-four awards of the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross and two Victoria Crosses—awards only given for the most distinguished service in action. They come from their rustic retreats—for most of them are country gentlemen—to guard the Sovereign on all the great occasions of State, from Levées to Coronations. The "Nearest Guard" is their proud sobriquet; when on duty they wear scarlet uniforms with gold epaulettes and brass dragoon helmets with white plumes and carry partizans or battle-axes. They embody, like their humbler comrades-in-arms, the Chelsea Pensioners, the old English love for tradition, for ceremony, for the commemoration of honourable deeds and honourable service, and above all, loyalty to the Crown.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR £3570: A SUIT OF FOOT JOUSTING ARMOUR PURCHASED FOR THE NATION. One of twelve suits of jousting armour made for Elector Christian I of Saxony in 1591 was purchased from Christie's by the Tower Armouries on June 2 for £3570. All twelve suits were made by the celebrated Augsburg armorer, Anton Pfaffenhauser. Unfortunately, the Elector died three months before he was due to be presented with them, and as a result six of them were scattered to various parts of Europe. This one can probably be identified with one of the three suits presented to Adam von Wallenstein in 1610. The surface of it is etched and gilt with patterns of foliage, and retains much of its original blued surface.

pride, pervades the atmosphere. And as the Marches of the Regiments and Corps of the British Army—almost every one of which is represented on parade, including many now extinguished or amalgamated—are played in turn, the poetry of

TO OUR READERS.

At the time of going to Press the printing dispute remains unresolved and there may be some delays in the publication of this and subsequent issues.

We are doing all that is humanly possible to ensure that our readers are supplied with their copies at the usual time and ask for the encouragement of their appreciation of our difficulties.

Bruce S. Ingram,
Editor

our proud little Army's history is conveyed to even the most insensitive listener: an Army, one feels listening to those old country airs serving with the Colours, that sprang, like the great limes



RIDING ON AN AIR "CUSHION" ONE FOOT ABOVE THE GROUND: THE S.R.N. 1 HOVERCRAFT SUCCESSFULLY TESTED.

An experimental form of air-transport was tried out on June 7, in the form of the S.R.N. 1 Hovercraft, a saucer-shaped machine which remains airborne by means of an air "cushion." This strange-looking craft, 30 ft. by 24 ft., is powered by a 450 h.p. Alvis Leonides piston engine: this engine drives a fan which forces air downward through a duct to jets which are placed underneath the machine round its circumference. Detailed illustrations and information appeared in our issue of May 30. The Hovercraft has been built

by Saunders-Roe, and its successful first trial took place at the Saunders-Roe factory at Cowes, Isle of Wight. At a height of rather more than one foot, it hovered on its air "cushion" for a total of an hour-and-a-half in three test flights. For the final flight it was untethered. Developments from the Hovercraft are intended to be used as cross-Channel ferries for passengers and vehicles, and for a number of other commercial purposes. It has been sponsored by the National Research and Development Corporation.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

DUTCH AND JAPANESE DRAWINGS AND PRINTS.*

it." The italics are mine and prove that professors of this and that can frequently reach the heart of a subject.

As it is at least ten years since I referred to the very special gifts of this remarkable 17th-century painter, I make no apology for informing the inhabitants of these islands that if they wish to see a typical Koninck subject they can go to north Lincolnshire and there, from the high



"SASKIA WITH CHILD," BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669): PROBABLY EXECUTED IN 1636, OR A LITTLE LATER.

(Pen and wash drawing: 7½ by 5½ ins.)

These illustrations from the book "Dutch Drawings and Prints" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Thames and Hudson.

ground at Alkborough, looking north-west where Trent and Don and Ouse join to form the Humber, they can gaze upon the kind of distant view which fascinated him; just the sort of view illustrated in this volume (Plate 103), from the drawing in the Frits Lugt Collection, Paris. The inclusion of a few engravings, woodcuts and etchings in a volume mainly concerned with drawings seems to me a little unfortunate, not that they are not splendid examples, but because with a few notable exceptions (e.g., those by Rembrandt and the three by Lucas Van Leyden) they appear less fluid by comparison.

The choice of Rembrandts, both drawings and etchings, will surely satisfy the most fastidious, for there is the marvellous brush drawing of the "Sleeping Woman"—presumably Hendrickje, with whom he lived after his wife's death—from the British Museum; a drawing which makes a magnificent dust-cover to the volume, and the no less magnificent reed pen portrait generally called "Jan Six," his friend and patron, from the Six Foundation, Amsterdam. There is also, among the etchings, the famous "Six" Bridge, which derives its name from the story that when he was staying with Six at the latter's country house, he wagered that he could complete an etching in the time required for a servant to fetch mustard—which had been forgotten—from the village nearby. One of those exasperating anecdotes which get one nowhere because we don't know how far away the village was. Altogether there are twenty-five drawings and etchings by Rembrandt, providing a wonderfully succinct view of his extraordinary gifts.

The same can be said of the fourteen drawings by Van Gogh, whom the Dutch, in spite of the fact that the painter only found himself when he left Holland, not unnaturally claim as their own, as they do Jongkind; these drawings range from the sombre tragic "Mother and Child" of 1883 to the sun-drenched splendour of "Arles and St. Remy."

Two additions to the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art—slim, paper-covered books with learned

introductions and superb colour plates, as a rule nine or ten—deal with an early 17th-century painter whose name, Sotatsu, is scarcely known in the West; and with Hokusai, the brilliant maker of prints, who, born in 1760 and dying in 1849, has at least 30,000 drawings and illustrations for 500 books to his credit. Peter Swann, in a lively commentary, tells his story and ends with Hokusai's own words, thus: "From the age of six I had a mania for drawing forms and things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs, but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth considering. At seventy-five I have learned a little about the structure of nature—of animals, plants and trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence when I am eighty, I shall have made a little more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things. At one hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvellous stage, and when I am a hundred and ten, everything I do—be it but a line or a dot—will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, once Hokusai, now the Old Man Mad about Drawing." What a character!

Several of the plates—those in which Mount Fuji is the dominant feature—will be familiar to most readers. One will certainly be unknown; this is a design for a fan, a complicated pattern of seven chickens, at once a dynamic swirl of curves and a monument of acute observation. Each bird is given a distinct personality of its own and it is suggested that in this arresting and amusing drawing Hokusai may be caricaturing human nature.

The commentary upon Sotatsu is provided by William Watson, who has a far more difficult task, for though the painter's work has been acclaimed



"PEASANT FROM THE CAMARGUE," BY VINCENT VAN GOGH

(1853-1890): DRAWN IN 1888, AT ARLES.

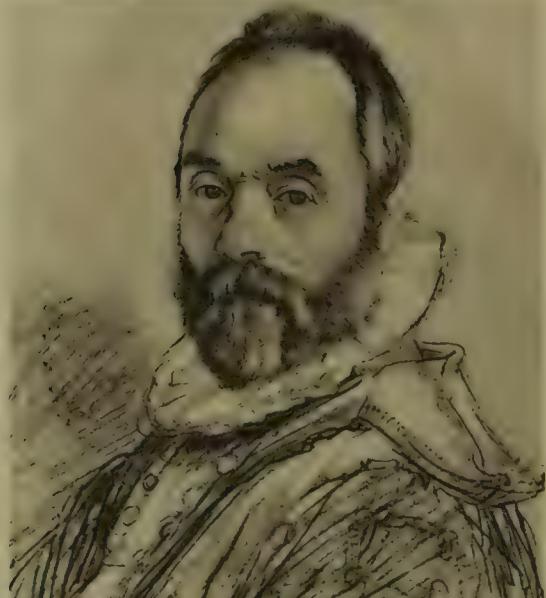
(Pen and brush drawing: 19½ by 14¾ ins.)

for the past fifty years as the essence of the native Japanese tradition, owing very little to Chinese models, scarcely anything is known about his career, not even the date of his birth. He seems to have been dead by 1640. His very few remaining paintings—paintings which can be definitely attributed to him—are scrolls and screens, and of these, two in this little volume illustrate the story of Genji, the lengthy novel written by the Lady Murasaki in the 11th century and familiar to us all from the translation by Mr. Arthur Waley.

* "Dutch Drawings and Prints." By J. G. Van Gelder. Illustrated. (Thames and Hudson; £3 3s.)

* "Faber Gallery of Oriental Art: Hokusai." Introduction and Notes by Peter C. Swann. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 15s.)

* "Faber Gallery of Oriental Art: Sotatsu." Introduction and Notes by William Watson. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 15s.)



"PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNI DA BOLOGNA," BY HENDRIK GOLTZIUS (1558-1617): EXECUTED IN 1591, ONE OF A SERIES. (Chalk drawing: 14½ by 11¾ ins.)

I turn the pages at random and speak aloud as I go along. The author is Professor of Fine Art at the University of Utrecht, immensely erudite about Dutch Art, but a trifle heavy-handed in his narrative—and then delights me with a vivid sentence or two. Talking of Lievens, whose stay in England made him conversant with Rubens' and Van Dyck's style of drawing, he goes on to Abraham Furnerius. He speaks of his "forceful tree groups" and of how "he is endeavouring to achieve a combination of grandeur and sobriety of execution" and he illustrates this with a not-over-exciting drawing. He continues: "It was his brother-in-law, Philips Koninck, however, who succeeded both in drawing and painting the most spacious landscapes. He was skipper of a boat travelling regularly between Amsterdam and Rotterdam; the surroundings through which his trips took him have left their mark on his innermost being. His panoramas are perhaps the most beautiful summaries of all of an imperishable Dutch landscape, seen just as a high-flying bird might have seen it, and yet only as a man in ecstasy could have experienced



(UPPER.) DR. ADENAUER AFTER ANNOUNCING HIS DECISION TO REMAIN CHANCELLOR AND WITHDRAW HIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY, AT BONN WHEN HE HAD WON HIS PARTY OVER.

(LOWER.) DR. ERHARD, THE ECONOMICS MINISTER, WHO WAS "TAKEN BY SURPRISE" AT THE CHANCELLOR'S DECISION, AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON.

HANDS RAISED IN BONN AND WASHINGTON: DR. ADENAUER CAUSES A POLITICAL STORM BY REMAINING CHANCELLOR.

Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, who is eighty-three, has caused a crisis by withdrawing his Presidential candidacy and deciding to remain in office. He announced this at a Christian Democratic Party meeting in Bonn on June 5, where he obtained the Party's agreement. He did this while Dr. Erhard, the Economics Minister, who is his most likely successor, was on a visit to the United States. Dr. Erhard said at first that he was

taken by surprise and then at a television interview in Washington he said that he regretted the Chancellor's decision in the interests of Germany and democratic habits. Although Dr. Adenauer managed to secure the support of his party for this change of policy, there has been outspoken comment in West Germany against his decision which came as a very sudden development.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT STILL GOING STRONG

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

LAST year I wrote about the Royal Tournament, I believe for the first time in these pages. There is a special reason why it is appropriate that I should do so again this year. At the luncheon which preceded the private view a tribute was paid to this periodical and its association with the function, and the Editor, Sir Bruce Ingram, followed the Secretary of State for Air in replying to the toast of "the Guests." No other publication of the Press has opportunities as good as those of *The Illustrated London News* for illustrating this tournament, as it has done on so many occasions. I think it will be agreed, especially by those who can consult old bound sets, that it has not failed to take advantage of these opportunities.

In such shows there is always to be faced the problem of how far it is desirable to introduce realism at the expense of pageantry. This problem has, however, become infinitely more difficult of late. Let us face it, modern warfare and its methods cannot be reproduced within a relatively small arena. Yet, since one of the objects is to

always gone at an early stage, before it has started. Ancient or modern, it is a display of remarkable skill, precision, and physical fitness, which never fails to be exciting, especially to backers of the various Commands. Like many other records the time here is constantly being beaten, and last year's was the shortest ever.

Pageantry has it. The musical drive of The King's Troop, R.H.A., is well established—and to me established as my favourite. I should perhaps mention for the sake of those unaware how the title came to survive, that it was by the decision of her Majesty the Queen, in memory of the fact that this horse-drawn troop was formed at the express wish of her father for ceremonial duties. If possible, this seemed to me a display even better performed than that of last year. The horses were wonderfully well schooled and the young soldiers rode well. It is, however, the combination of beauty with technical skill that is so attractive. This year the gunners had not to face the challenge of a musical ride, their only serious rival as a spectacle—though I think they

bridged incongruities which make us smile, though one observer of a Ben Jonson-Inigo Jones masque has left us amusing comments, including the remark that ladies had legs as well as feet, which he professed he had not known till then. There were moments here when our imagination was required to do its stint, but I found the spectacle as a whole striking and indeed moving.

Then there was the display of club-swinging by the Women's Services. At one moment the lights were extinguished and torches were lit on the clubs, so that the very personable young performers disappeared from view and all that could be seen was whirling flashes of light—whirling, but doing so with precision in set patterns. The Women's Services were represented also by the Combined Bands of the Women's Royal Army Corps and Central Band of the Women's Royal Air Force, which provided the music for this spirited display.

Talking of music brings me to the Massed Bands. I have heard military music in a dozen



"THE NEAREST GUARD": THE HONOURABLE CORPS OF GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE ON JUNE 1, THE 450TH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR FOUNDATION BY HENRY VIII.

On June 1 the 450th anniversary of the raising of "the King's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms" in the first year of Henry VIII's reign was marked by a reception and dinner in St. James's Palace. The reception was attended by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the

Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra; and H.M. the Queen and Prince Philip honoured the dinner with their attendance. The Gentlemen-at-Arms, whose proud *soubriquet* is "The Nearest Guard" of the Sovereign, with their traditions and history, are the subject of part of Sir Arthur Bryant's article on page 1002.

show the fighting forces to the public, there is an irresistible impulse to put on some scenes illustrating modern times and impart to them as much realism as possible. This year the feature showing parachute training was a genuine success, for the good reason that the preliminary stages of the real thing differ little from what we actually see and that the actors are performing actions which they have performed as duties.

The feature dealing with nuclear submarines and convoys, though ambitious, ingenious, and clearly the fruit of hard work, could not match the parachute training by reason of the limitations of space and other obvious factors. The method of producing effects by the use of two scales—the convoy represented by small models and the control in the submarine life-size—was effective in imparting as much realism as was possible, but this still did not reach the level of the other modern feature. However, the little story was interesting and contrived to make the grade.

The Navy was represented also in another turn which did not profess to be modern. It must be, in fact, about the oldest of the old stagers in the tournament and is always good fun. Survivors of the first teams I saw chucking the gun about and carrying it over a hastily-erected bridge must include grandfathers, like myself. Oddly enough, I have never seen the competition proper between teams from different naval bases because I have

would generally win. The programme reproduces a delightful painting of one episode, the march-past, by Joan Wanklyn.

Another good turn was the drill display by the Royal Marines. It was given by recruits of the King's Squad, which is the senior recruit squad and is approaching the end of its nine-month course. On these occasions I always meet some high-minded person who regrets that soldiers should spend their military careers in ceremonial drill. It would be regrettable if they did, but in fact they have also been under instruction in a number of the other specialities of the Royal Marine. If their drill standard is exceptionally high, that is part of the tradition of their corps and the skill, also traditional, of their instructors.

I have suggested that old wars take their place in such a picture-frame as Earls Court affords better than modern ones. This year the old war chose itself: 1959 is the second centenary of Wolfe's victory at Quebec. On the Heights of Abraham, Otway's Foot fought on the right of the line. It became the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, and the Royal Sussex is now playing its rôle in the victory. This, too, is pageantry, though it comes nearer to the real thing than the great majority of episodes of modern warfare can. When our ancestors of Tudor and Stuart times performed masques they did not aim at realism, and, since their minds were rather less sophisticated than ours, their imaginations easily

countries and the more I hear the more firmly I am convinced that this is a matter which we order better than anybody else. I am not speaking of our marches and airs—some the best of their kind, some rather trivial—as much as of our instruments, their splendid tone, and the skill of the well-trained bandsmen. The Dispatch Riders of the Training Brigade, Royal Signals, performed uncanny feats of balance and timing on their motor-cycles, and I thought them even more expert than last year. At a circus we gape at similar feats on horseback, but horses stand on four legs, whereas bicycles have only two wheels and must be kept upright by their riders. The Physical Training Display of the Royal Air Force was equally skilful. They used an exceptionally high vaulting box—most unlike the "horse" on which I performed moderately a very long time ago—and jumped, not from the usual spring-board, but from a highly-sprung platform known as a "trampette." On a taller platform called a "trampoline" they bounced into amazing evolutions in thin air.

As these lines will be read before the tournament closes, it is worth while to add that its main object, coming before even that which I have mentioned, of showing the fighting forces to the public, is to raise funds for service charities, to which its profits are allotted. Visitors thus not only enjoy themselves and give enjoyment to their children but support a worthy cause.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ROME. A VAST "MARBLE TOWN" WHICH WAS LEFT UNFINISHED IN 1942, HANDED OVER ON MAY 29 FOR THE "PERMANENT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION." THE 126 HALLS WILL BE USED TO DISPLAY EXHIBITIONS OF INDUSTRY IN ITALY AND THE WORLD. THE EXHIBITION, WHICH IS KNOWN AS "PERMINDEX," WILL BE OPEN FROM NEXT JANUARY.



LISBON. THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES TRADE FAIR IN PORTUGAL, WHICH OPENED ON MAY 29 AND IS DRAWING LARGE CROWDS, SEEN FROM ABOVE. The exhibition is organised by the Federation of British Industries under joint Anglo-Portuguese patronage. Princess Margaret is to visit it during her stay in Portugal and will take the salute at a tattoo by a detachment of the Brigade of Guards.



PHILADELPHIA. A NEW OMNI-ENVIRONMENTAL SUIT BEING TESTED BY THE U.S. NAVAL AIR MATERIAL CENTRE IN BLOCKS OF ICE. IT PROVIDES ENOUGH INSULATION FOR A MAN TO SURVIVE FOR AN HOUR IN ARCTIC WATERS AT 60 DEGREES BELOW ZERO AND IS A GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON PREVIOUS SUITS.



BALTIMORE. A WOOLLY MONKEY FROM SOUTH AMERICA WITH ONE LEG OVER HIS WINDOW, WATCHING VISITORS TO HIS ZOO. HE IS ABOUT 15 INS. HIGH AND HAS A LONG PREHENSILE TAIL WHICH CAN BE USED AS ANOTHER LEG.



PHILADELPHIA. ANOTHER SUIT BEING TESTED, THE MARK IV SPACE SUIT ABOUT TO BE SENT ON A BLAST RIDE TO STUDY THE EFFECTS OF SUDDEN ACCELERATION. THE TEST ONLY TAKES ONE SECOND. SEVEN VOLUNTEERS HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AS SPACE PILOTS.



CLEVELAND, OHIO. A BUS CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN FLOOD: TWENTY PEOPLE AND THE BUS DRIVER WERE RESCUED FROM THE RUSH OF WATER. Our picture shows the rescue from the submerged bus. One coastguard boat in the foreground is carrying off a load while another is picking up those still in the water. Swimmers are searching the rear of the bus to look for more.



SINGAPORE. ONE OF THE LAST OF THE SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOATS OVER SINGAPORE HARBOUR. THEY HAVE NOW BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM R.A.F. SERVICE. The last of the *Sunderlands* ended twenty-one years of service to the R.A.F. at Singapore on May 15. This also means the end of the flying-boat as a British Service class of aircraft after a long and varied history.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BELGIUM. RECENTLY THE RECIPIENT OF GREAT DEMONSTRATIONS OF LOYALTY AND AFFECTION BY THE PEOPLE OF BRUSSELS: KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS, HERE SEEN RIDING.

On June 4 the Belgian Prime Minister, M. Eyskens, defended the Belgian Royal family over the handling of the recent controversial issues; and he announced that the change in the arrangements for the marriage of Prince Albert had been made at the recommendation of the Pope; and that King Leopold's decision to move out of the palace at Laeken was entirely spontaneous.



EX-KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND HIS SECOND WIFE, THE PRINCESSE DE RETHY. KING LEOPOLD HAS NOW ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF LEAVING THE PALACE AT LAEKEN.



(RIGHT.) **GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.** SON ET LUMIÈRE FIRST PRESENTED IN SWITZERLAND: THE ILLUMINATED REFORMATION MONUMENT DURING THE 450TH ANNIVERSARY OF CALVIN'S BIRTH.

The first presentation of *Son et Lumière* in Switzerland is being used to mark the 450th anniversary of Calvin's birth, together with the production of a play on Calvin's life called *Post Tenebras Lux*, with Pierre Fresnay as Calvin.



SINGAPORE. MR. LEE KUAN YEW (RIGHT), THE LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS PEOPLE'S ACTION PARTY, GIVING A PRESS CONFERENCE ON JUNE 1, WHEN HE HAD BEEN ASKED TO BE PRIME MINISTER. With the overwhelming victory of P.A.P. in the election, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew was asked to form a Government but declined until the extremist members of the party still in prison were released. This release took place on June 4, and the same day Mr. Lee submitted his Cabinet.



WUPPERTAL, WEST GERMANY. MR. OTTO FRANK, THE FATHER OF ANNE FRANK, DURING THE FOUNDING OF THE ANNE FRANK REFUGEE VILLAGE. On May 31 the foundation-stone of the Anne Frank village for refugee families was laid near Wuppertal by Anne Frank's father. It will house twenty families and is the sixth to owe its existence to Father Pire, who founded the Aid to Displaced Persons movement.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BRUSSELS' GREAT WELCOME FOR KING BAUDOUIN: CROWDS BREAKING THROUGH THE BARRIERS TO CHEER THE YOUNG KING, ON HIS RETURN FROM AMERICA.



SMILING WITH PLEASURE AT THE JUBILANT WELCOME WHICH THE CROWDS OF HIS CAPITAL GAVE HIM: KING BAUDOUIN STANDING IN HIS CAR AS HE DROVE FROM THE AIRPORT.



EX-KING LEOPOLD GREETING HIS SON AT THE AIRPORT. ON THE RIGHT IS THE PRINCESSE DE RETHY. KING BAUDOUIN DROVE ALONE THROUGH BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM. A GREAT WELCOME FOR KING BAUDOUIN—BELGIAN DEMONSTRATIONS OF LOYALTY TO THE YOUNG KING.

Many of the constitutional troubles which seem to have been besetting Belgium appeared to dissolve on the return of King Baudouin from his American tour. At the airport, when he arrived on June 1, he was met by his grandmother Queen Elisabeth, his father ex-King Leopold and other members of the Royal family; but none of these joined in his processional drive through Brussels. Here he was greeted by jubilant crowds, who cheered him, broke through the barriers to press close to his car and ran alongside shouting "Vive le Roi!"

On the following day King Baudouin made history by receiving about 100 journalists in the palace and moving among them, chatting and answering questions with great charm and adroitness. In reply to a question he said that his father had expressed the desire to leave Laeken a long time ago and had not been forced out. In the afternoon the Prime Minister announced that the Belgian Royal Wedding would take place in Belgium and not in the Vatican; and the Socialist Opposition called off its attack on the Government.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF HOLA CAMP, IN THE KENYA COAST DISTRICT, WHERE ELEVEN DETAINEES WERE KILLED IN MARCH: SHOWING THE CAMP, IRRIGATION WORKS AND SETTLEMENTS FOR THE OPEN PRISON.

**KENYA. A CONTRAST
TO THE
RECENT VIOLENCE:
REHABILITATION
SETTLEMENTS AT
HOLA CAMP.**

OUR pictures show the site of the Hola camp, where on March 3 eleven Mau Mau detainees were beaten to death by their prison warders. The detainees were part of the "inner core of the hardcore" of the Mau-Mau who are housed in this rehabilitation camp in the coast district of Kenya. Their camp is closed and holds 133 men who refuse to join the 600 who have agreed to live and work in the "open" camp next door until their repatriation. The incident occurred when a party of eighty-five prisoners refused to work on the irrigation scheme that can be seen in the top picture. As a result of the beating that followed eleven men died and many were severely injured. After reports that they had died from drinking too much water were

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.]
denied, an inquest that lasted from March 18 to May 6 and which involved the calling of a large number of witnesses from the prison officers, the warders and the detainees, the coroner found that violence inflicted on the dead happened during a major operation to compel detainees to dig an irrigation trench, and that the violence used, that was not for self-defence or to prevent escape, was entirely illegal. The Commandant, Mr. Sullivan, and the Deputy Commandant, Mr. Coutts, have been suspended from duty pending a disciplinary inquiry, the Kenya Government will pay compensation to the relatives of the dead men, and the Kenya Attorney-General has announced that no charges will be made. Mr. R. D. Fairn and Sir George Beresford-Stoke have been appointed to advise the Governor in an inquiry into the future prison administration. The inquest was followed by a hunger-strike at the Hola camp which has now ended. The men in the closed camp are there by their own choice; they are asked monthly if they would like to move to the "open" camp, where they are given $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres for themselves and families. This they have refused to accept.

(Left.)
THE TANA RIVER, ON WHICH HOLA STANDS: 800 OUT OF 12,000 ACRES HAVE ALREADY BEEN CLEARED AND PLANTED BY THE CAMP SETTLEMENT.



THE BRITISH MONARCHY TO-DAY.

"HOW THE QUEEN REIGNS." By DOROTHY LAIRD.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

SOME 150 years ago Napoleon declared that monarchs are always on the stage, and the passage of time has certainly done nothing to detract from the truth of the observation; particularly is this the case when the monarch is a woman. From the moment that Queen Elizabeth II succeeded her father the fiercest light has been turned upon her and her office, and everything that she says or does is news, not only in the British Isles, but everywhere outside the Iron Curtain. In these circumstances the personality of the monarch is of the first importance, and during recent reigns Britain has been extremely fortunate in this respect. Unlike Queen Victoria, the present Sovereign has not had to live down the memory of her immediate predecessors.

The British monarchy in its modern form, that is to say accepted and respected, dates from the reign of her great-great-grandmother. Under the earlier rulers of the House of Hanover the Crown had become thoroughly discredited, and although the situation improved for a time under George III, his son and successor, George IV, set a very bad example indeed. William IV was admittedly some improvement on his brother, but he was far from being a dignified figure. Then the unexpected happened, and by her quite exceptional talents Victoria proved that the monarchy could play as useful a part in the industrial State of the 19th century as it had done in an earlier age. It was a period of middle-class predominance, and the Queen won its allegiance, thereby preventing that class from drifting into republicanism as happened in more than one Continental country.

Then came King Edward VII, one of the ablest monarchs to sit on the British or any other throne. He proceeded to abandon some of the exclusiveness that had characterised his mother's relations with the outside world, and he thereby broadened the basis upon which kingship in Britain rested. In his reign and that of his son, the Sovereign, as in Tudor and Stuart times, once more delighted to honour any who showed themselves worthy whatever might have been their origin: they made the Crown national again on its social side. Had their example been followed abroad there would be more thrones in Europe to-day. As for King George V, there have been abler and more romantic Kings of England, but there has never been one with a greater sense of duty. It is arguable that he by no means always took the right course, particularly in his relations with his children, but he certainly never acted from an unworthy motive. He lacked many of his father's virtues, as well as one or two of his weaknesses, but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he saved the British monarchy in an age of revolution.

Lastly, there is the example of the present Queen's father. He came to the throne in unhappy circumstances, but by his interpretation of his duties he forged new links between the Royal family and the people of Britain. The great contribution which the Crown made to the national life during his reign was to provide a symbol of stability and continuity in a changing world, and just the right impression was made by the spectacle of its wearer doing his duty quietly and unostentatiously.

Such is the background of Queen Elizabeth II, and Miss Laird is fully justified in saying:

The Sovereign strongly influences his or her age. The reigns of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, King George V and King George VI, even the brief reign of King Edward VIII, are strongly marked by the personality of the Sovereign. The personality of the Sovereign sets a seal upon his age far more than does the statesman who wields infinitely greater power, the Prime Minister. Who would speak of the not-so-distant past in terms of "it was the time of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry"? The average person would hardly know what you meant, but if you mention "in the

middle of King Edward VII's reign," an instant mental picture is called up.

Such being the case one could wish that the author had told us more about the personality of the present Queen, even at the cost of omitting some of the accounts of her constitutional functions which can be found elsewhere; but the reader will search these pages in vain for light on her Majesty's views on anything. What books does she read? What type of play does she prefer? What does she feel about the possibilities of nuclear energy? These and a host of other questions remain unanswered. Indeed, the weakness of this otherwise admirable work is that a great deal of the information in it is second-hand, and there is far

One of the few lights which are thrown upon the Queen's personal outlook is therefore the more interesting, though, once again, it is at second-hand:

I have been told by one who knows the Queen well that her closest woman friend, other than her sister, is undoubtedly Miss Margaret MacDonald, her Dresser, who has been her companion and confidante since those days when Princess Elizabeth was in her charge when King George VI and his family moved into Buckingham Palace. What the Queen owes to Miss MacDonald's care and helpfulness could never be set down in words.

So close is the rapport between the Queen and Miss MacDonald that it has been called "almost telepathic." She is of medium height, trim and slim, beginning to go grey, a capable, decided, much-travelled woman of the greatest efficiency, loyalty and integrity, on whom the Queen relies implicitly.

Miss Laird very properly deals in some detail with the selection of Mr. Macmillan as Prime Minister on the resignation of Sir Anthony Eden, and she rightly says that the Queen followed the correct constitutional procedure, even if her attitude was the subject of criticism in some quarters where a different choice might have been more welcome, though not necessarily on the highest grounds. "The continuity and unity to the nation," the author writes, "which the Queen can give in these and similar times of crisis is one of the great strengths of the monarchy." This is indeed true, and one of the great advantages of a monarchy over a republic is that it ensures continuity, and so reduces the risk of violent change. As Burke so well put it, "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors," and of this national tradition an hereditary monarch is the outward and visible form.

Queen Victoria, owing to the accumulated experience of so many years, was able to exercise very considerable influence over her Ministers, and in the latter part of her life she could quote from personal experience precedents relating to events that had occurred before some of them were even born, and this was an enormous advantage both to her and to her subjects. The present Queen, having come to the throne so young, will in due course acquire that same experience and breadth of view, and it was her good fortune to have been nearly five years on the throne when she had to make the first momentous political decision of her reign—namely, the choice of a Prime Minister to succeed Sir Anthony Eden.

Finally, the magnitude of the task which a British Sovereign has to perform to-day is enhanced by the fact that Canada, Australia and New Zealand regard him or her as their monarch in exactly the same way as do the inhabitants of Great Britain itself, though to judge by some recent comments on the Duke of Edinburgh's absences from this country, the fact is not fully appreciated. The British Commonwealth is one, and its inhabitants are one, whether they live in Sidmouth or Sydney, in Manchester or Manitoba. When the Queen goes to visit her subjects overseas she does not go abroad—she goes from one part of the country to another, and the sooner this is grasped by the British people at home the better, for she is likely to be out of England to an increasing extent, at any rate until the Prince of Wales is old enough to take over some of her responsibilities.

* "How the Queen Reigns: an Authentic Study of the Queen's Personality and Life Work." By Dorothy Laird. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; £1 5s.)



THE ORIGINAL "TREETOPS" HOTEL IN KENYA, DESTROYED DURING THE MAU MAU TROUBLE AND NOW REBUILT. THE PRESENT QUEEN WAS STAYING THERE WHEN KING GEORGE VI DIED, IN FEBRUARY 1952.



1500 FT. BELOW IN ROTHES COLLIERY, THORNTON, FIFE: THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO AN UNDERGROUND COAL-MINE, IN JUNE 1958.

These illustrations from the book "How the Queen Reigns" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

too much of "I am told." It would have been immensely improved had Miss Laird had a *téte-à-téte* or two with the Queen before she put pen to paper, in which case she would have been able to portray her personality much more clearly. More than one of her sketches is cold with distance, for even Lord Scarbrough, surely the most approachable of men, has merely "been described to me."



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS DOROTHY LAIRD. Born in Scotland, Miss Laird has now written twelve books. She began writing when she was seventeen, and in 1937-38 sailed round the world in a Finnish barque. During the last war she served in the British Legation in Stockholm, and on the naval staff in Oslo. Since then she has been Clyde dock reporter on the *Glasgow Herald*, and later London Correspondent on the *Scottish Field*. She is married with two children.

THE 1959 ROYAL TOURNAMENT: A FAMOUS BATTLE RE-ENACTED, CLUB-SWINGING AND SPECTACULAR PARACHUTE JUMPING.



PART OF A PARACHUTIST'S TRAINING, IN A HARNESS WHICH TEACHES A MAN HOW TO LAND AT SPEED.



WAITING TO LEAP INTO THE "JUNGLE" WITH GAILY-COLOURED PARACHUTES: R.A.F. SERVICEMEN ENGAGED IN A SPECTACULAR DEMONSTRATION OF JUMPING AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, EARLS COURT.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC, 1759, RE-ENACTED: MEN OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT AND ROYAL NAVAL RATINGS IN THE SCENE SHOWING THE APPROACH TO THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.
Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by our Special Artist, Juliet Pownall, S.C.A.

ANOTHER IMPRESSIVE SCENE: GIRLS FROM THE THREE SERVICES GIVING A DISPLAY OF CLUB-SWINGING. THEY HAD BEEN TRAINING TOGETHER FOR FIVE WEEKS. OTHER DISPLAYS IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT INCLUDE THE MUSICAL DRIVE AND A BATTLE OF NUCLEAR SUBMARINES.



TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, NEAR QUEBEC: A GREAT VICTORY FOR OTWAY REGIMENT (NOW THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT) OVER THE FRENCH; BUT MAJOR GENERAL WOLFE AND HIS OPPONENT, GENERAL MONTCALM, WERE AMONG THE DEAD.

Continued.] display is a demonstration of parachute training given by the Royal Air Force Parachute School, which includes some spectacular jumps with colored parachutes from the roof of the Exhibition Building. Another exciting event, to the music of Vaughan Williams' "Sinfonia Antarctica," is a battle of nuclear submarines. One is asked to imagine a North Atlantic

scen six years hence, in which a convoy bound for Great Britain is attacked by an enemy nuclear submarine. Of the many other scenes, the Field Gun display by The Royal Navy is as impressive as usual, and further spectacle is added by The Royal Navy's ever-popular dispatch riders of the Training Brigade, Royal Signals, and by the Musical Drive by The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

FORCING FRUIT TREES TO BEAR.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

OF the fruits which I grow—and I grow every possible kind including, on one triumphant occasion, a grapefruit—the two which have disappointed us by refusing to bear adequate crops have been apricot and greengage.

The difficulty in getting a crop of apricots is as new as it is notorious. Until, apparently, the middle of the 19th century, no English gardener experienced any such difficulty. Nor is the usual explanation, that the whole trouble is due to the development of "die-back," at all satisfactory; "blast," as it was formerly and vividly called, is not new. Nor have I ever had an apricot tree affected by it. No, the trees simply remain obstinately barren, either not flowering or, when they flower, dropping most of their fruit. Yet less than a hundred years ago there was an Oxfordshire village—I forget which one—where literally every cottage had its apricot tree, and every tree bore breakdown crops year after year. Gilbert White mentions no difficulty in getting fruit from this kind when he writes to Daines Barrington that only English apricots are really well-flavoured, those from south Europe being insipid, which is perfectly true.

My own trees are, an Austrian seedling sent to me by a kind correspondent; and some "Moor Park," the variety which is supposed to have been raised at one of the two great gardens of that name, but which is almost certainly the "Belle de Nancy" of Eastern France. This kind of apricot was, as Austenites will recall, the subject of a rather sharp exchange in "Mansfield Park":

"The tree thrives well beyond a doubt, madam," replied Dr. Grant. "The soil is good and I never pass it without regretting that the fruit should be so little worth the trouble of gathering."

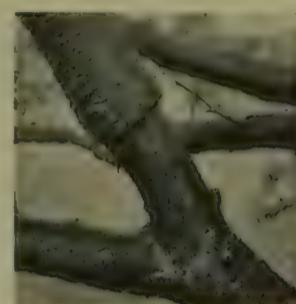
"Sir, it is Moor Park, we bought it as a Moor Park and it cost us—that is it was a present from Sir Thomas and I saw the bill and I know it cost seven shillings and was charged as a Moor Park."

"You were imposed upon, ma'am," replied Dr. Grant, "these potatoes have as much the flavour of a Moor Park apricot as the fruit from that tree. It is an insipid fruit at the best but a good apricot is eatable, which none from my garden are."

Our own "Moor Park" have yielded enough fruit to give us a taste for more, but never anything like a real crop. Indeed, in England to-day, as far as I know, only Mr. Justin Brooke, high on his stiff Suffolk clay, gets a proper crop of this fruit.

Far more annoying, because a good gage is much superior to the best of apricots, was the refusal of our greengage tree even to flower, much less to carry fruit. This is a large and handsome bush of the kind called "Old English Greengage," goodness knows why since it is obviously the "Reine Claude" of France. There are four groups of these gages, classified by the degree of viability of their pollen, as A, B, C and D. I do not know which group mine belongs to; but I made up my mind to try forcing it to flower.

The presence of silver-leaf fungus in our neighbourhood, in fact in one of our own Victoria plum trees, and also the danger of starting "gumming," made me reluctant to ring the bark of the trunk or the principal branches in the classical manner. I compromised by putting a tight ring of galvanised iron binding wire round the bases of two main branches. The theory seems to be that by inhibiting the return of elaborated sap to the roots and concentrating it in the branch, you force the production of fruit-bud instead of leaf-bud. As it happened, the whole tree decided that this year it really was about time to make a show of flowering. Nevertheless, the result, two



A STRANGULATED BRANCH
TWO YEARS AFTER THE WIRE
TIE HAD BEEN APPLIED.

years after ringing, was quite startling. At least I found it so, for it always seems to me that theory is one thing, however well-founded in reasoning; practice, quite another. The two strangulated branches were nothing but flower from which a good set of fruit was secured by placing branches of Victoria plum, in flower, in pots of water about the tree.

But even this gratifying result was less surprising than the impression made on a peach tree of the variety "Peregrine" by doing it outrageous violence. In April 1958 the builders who were enlarging our house insisted on running a drain right through the station where this bush-peach had been growing well but fruiting very badly for six years. A new site having been prepared for it, the tree was lifted, with about 6 cubic feet of soil, by the builder's men under supervision, and replanted at once, whereafter it was kept flooded for months, and still later, mulched. Moreover, the tree being in flower at the time, that is at about the earliest stage when a peach tree should be pruned, I pruned it hard.

A lot of short, stout new growth was made in the ensuing four months; this growth is now carrying a breakdown crop of fruit, which has had to be radically thinned. The tree has never before been anything like so productive. Two others of its kind which have never been very satisfactory will now receive the same treatment!



PROFUSE FLOWERING ON A BRANCH OF GREENGAGE
ABOVE THE POINT OF STRANGULATION.

Photographs by Douglas Weaver



Finally, there is the behaviour of a short terrace of fig trees of the varieties "Negro Largo," "Violette Sepor" and "White Ischia." We have not had much trouble fruiting the commoner sorts, notably "Brunswick," although the May-June drop of figlets remains a problem despite the copious watering which is supposed to check it. But these three superior varieties would not even produce fruitlets, let alone mature fruit. It was quite obvious that they were growing too vigorously, so much so that they were tending to shade a wall-peach on the other side of a path beside their terrace. With the feeling that I had nothing to lose, last summer I charged in to them with a saw, cut out half the main branches at the base, cut back all the top-growth ruthlessly, and all this when they were in full growth, regardless of consequences and simply intent on clearing the peach tree of shade and making the terrace look tidy.

The consequences of this wicked violence are now apparent: a full crop of figlets on every single fig tree. It remains to be seen whether we can persuade them to stay on the trees and mature.

While on the subject of fruit trees, a note on a remarkable pear. I was in Paris on business during February and, in several of the better restaurants, was offered, as dessert, some of the most delicious pears I have ever eaten; almost equal to "Doyenné du Comice." Why, incidentally, cannot English restaurants be persuaded to offer fresh, native-grown fruit as dessert? One can hardly ever get such a thing in



ANOTHER, UNSTRANGULATED, BRANCH OF THE SAME
GREENGAGE, SHOWING THE SPARSE FLOWERING.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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London. The pears were large, oval or even oblong rather than pyriform, with a copious, aromatic juice; the flesh very slightly "gritty" but not sufficiently so to be disagreeable. It was the head-waiter at Prunier's who told me their name, "Passe crassanne," and all about their useful habit of not reaching perfection in ordinary store until February. I had never heard of this variety, although it may, of course, be in England already, under another name. But it was so very well worth adding to our list of fine pears, that a couple of days before leaving I walked down to the Quai de la Mégisserie and arranged with MM. Vilmorin-Andrieux for two young trees to take home with me, together with a phytosanitary certificate to satisfy the Customs. The price, by the way, was about a third of what an English nurseryman would have charged, and the young trees superb specimens. Both are growing well, but it will be a year or two before I can report on their fruitfulness or otherwise in East Kent.

A HOT BUT ENJOYABLE DERBY: THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THEIR YEARLY VISIT TO EPSOM.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT EPSOM: THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY DURING THE PARADE OF HORSES BEFORE THE START OF THE DERBY.



WATCHING THE START FROM THE ROYAL BOX: THE QUEEN POINTING TO THE RUNNERS WITH HER RACING CARD WHILE PRINCESS MARGARET FOLLOWS WITH BINOCULARS.



APPLAUDING AFTER PARTHIA HAD PASSED THE WINNING-POST: THE QUEEN, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The 180th renewal of the Derby Stakes was attended by vast crowds on June 3. The Queen, who shares her family's love of racing, came with many members of the Royal family. *Parthia*, the winner of this year's Derby, was trained for Sir Humphrey de Trafford by Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who also trains the Queen's horses. After their victory they were invited to the



CIGAR IN HAND AND ENJOYING HIS DERBY DAY: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CROWD, WITH LADY DOROTHY.



LEADING IN HIS FIRST DERBY WINNER, PARTHIA : THE OWNER, SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, WITH HARRY CARR, THE JOCKEY.

Royal box, where they drank champagne in celebration. The Queen had watched her own horse, *Above Suspicion*, come near to gaining a place. *Above Suspicion* was ridden by D. Smith and came in fifth. The going was firm from the start and the excitement of the race made it an unusually successful Derby, in brilliantly sunny weather.



A SMILE OF TRIUMPH AT HIS FIRST DERBY VICTORY, FROM HARRY CARR ON *PARTHIA*, AS HE PASSES THE WINNING-POST: THE PRIZE WAS THE RICHEST EVER KNOWN FOR THE DERBY.

A very exciting Derby was won by Sir Humphrey de Trafford's *Parthia*, ridden by W. H. Carr; it was the first success in the Derby not only for the owner and jockey but also for the trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. *Parthia*, who had till the Derby the reputation of being a lazy horse, won by a length-and-a-half from another English-trained horse, *Fidalgo*, ridden by W. H. Carr's

son-in-law, Joe Mercer. *Shantung* (extreme left), who came third, had an unlucky start but caught up to pass seventeen horses in the last three furlongs. The Queen was present to watch her *Above Suspicion* plated fifth. There was a vast crowd on one of the hottest Derby days of this century; they remained in tense silence until it was seen that the first two horses to make a break for the

winning-post were English, and great applause broke out. From then on it was a struggle between *Parthia* and *Fidalgo*, with *Parthia* holding the lead right on to the finish. To add to the intense heat and the excitement of a really brilliant race, there was a further thrill because the prize, which amounted to £36,078, was the richest ever known. Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Captain

Boyd-Rochfort, who had had to wait fifty-one years for this moment, went to the Royal box and were congratulated by the Queen after the race was over. There was a photo-finish for the third place between *Shantung* and *St. Crespin III*, who was one of the fancied horses but who did not have the stamina to overtake in spite of the fact that *Shantung*'s forelegs were cut earlier in the race.

AT THE 1959 ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: SILVER, GLASS AND FURNITURE.



WITH CHINOISERIE DECORATION: A RARE PIECE OF EARLY IRISH SILVER BY JOHN CUTHBERT, DUBLIN, 1685.
(Height: 6 ins.) (Walter H. Willson Ltd.)



HOLDING 5½ PINTS AND MEASURING 6½ INS. IN DIAMETER: AN ENGLISH SILVER TANKARD WITH ACANTHUS DECORATION AT THE BASE; LONDON, 1689. (Height: 7½ ins.) (Garrard and Co. Ltd.)



AN ENGRAVED CUP MADE IN LONDON BY J. WHITE, 1734: CONTAINING AN INSCRIPTION RECORDING AN ANONYMOUS GIFT.
(Height—to top of handle—4½ ins.) (How [of Edinburgh] Ltd.)



WITH BEAUTIFULLY DELICATE ENGRAVING: A JUG, MADE IN LONDON BY J. EDWARDS; c. 1735.
(Height: 7½ ins.) (How [of Edinburgh] Ltd.)



AMONG PIECES OF GLASS-WORK AT THE FAIR: ONE OF A PAIR OF TWO-LIGHT REGENCY TABLE CANDELABRA OF VERY FINE QUALITY; c. 1810. (Height: 1 ft. 3 ins.) (Cecil Davis Ltd.)



WITH A PORTRAIT OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE MOTTO, "AUDENTIOR IBO": A JACOBITE GLASS.
(Height: 6½ ins.) (Delemosne and Son Ltd.)



SURFACED WITH PETIT-POINT FLORAL NEEDLEWORK: A RARE QUEEN ANNE WALNUT CARD-TABLE. THE CENTRE LEG AT THE BACK WITHDRAWS TO SUPPORT THE TOP WHEN OPEN.
(Height: 2 ft. 4 ins.) (Mallett and Son [Antiques], Ltd.)



CONTAINING A WAX PORTRAIT, PERHAPS OF NELL GWYNNE, WHO MAY ALSO HAVE BEEN THE OWNER: A STUMPWORK CASKET, THE SIDES SHOWING SCENES FROM THE STORY OF REBECCA. CASKET MADE c. 1670. (Height: 1 ft. 2½ ins.) (Charles Woollett and Son.)



BRASS-NAILED AND WITH TURKEYWORK AND SILK FRINGES OF THE PERIOD: A 17TH-CENTURY OAK ARM-CHAIR. (Height: 3 ft. 4 ins.) (S. W. Wolsey.)

As in past years, the Antique Dealers' Fair, which is open at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, until June 25, provides a wealth of rare pieces for all interests and tastes. For two weeks the Great Hall is richly laden with paintings, silver, porcelain, tapestries, furniture and a number of unusual

rarities. Entering from Upper Grosvenor Street, the display is an impressive sight, and a uniformly high standard of exhibits is ensured by the various committees who pass judgment on every object on show. Furthermore, all the dealers are experts in their own particular field.

SOME EXHIBITS FROM THE 1959
ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR:



DECORATED WITH DRAGONS: A CHINESE PORCELAIN VASE; LATE 17TH OR EARLY 18TH CENTURY. (Height: 1 ft. 6 ins.) (Sydney L. Moss.)

STONE SCULPTURE, BRONZES
AND CHINESE PORCELAIN.



DECORATED IN UNDERGLAZE BLUE AND COPPER RED: A CHINESE PORCELAIN PILGRIM BOTTLE OF THE CH'EN LUNG PERIOD, A.D. 1736-1795. (Height: 1 ft. 3½ ins.) (E. G. Kennedy and Co.)

CARVED AS A TRUNK OF A TREE WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERING BRANCHES: A 17TH-CENTURY CHINESE SPILL VASE IN SOAPSTONE. (Height: 8 ins.) (Spink and Son Ltd.)



A FINE PIECE, DECORATED WITH A SACRED FUNGUS OF IMMORTALITY: A CHINESE BLUE-AND-WHITE PORCELAIN BOWL; MING DYNASTY. (Diameter: 11½ ins.) (John Sparks Ltd.)



A CONTRAST IN STYLE TO THE PIECE NEXT TO IT: A BOW SOUP TUREEN IN THE FORM OF CABBAGE LEAVES; c. 1765. (Length: 1 ft. 1 in.) (Charles Woollett and Son.)



DECORATED WITH PHOENIX MOTIFS: A CHINESE BRONZE SACRIFICIAL VESSEL OF THE SUNG DYNASTY, A.D. 960-1279. (Height: 9½ ins.) (Spink and Son Ltd.)



WITH AN ELABORATE HEAD-DRESS AND JEWELLED ROBES: A CHINESE BROWN STONE SCULPTURE OF MANJUSRI; SUNG DYNASTY. (Height: 11 ins.) (Spink and Son Ltd.)



DESIGNED AS A CENTRE ORNAMENT FOR A DINNER-TABLE: A CERAMIC EPERGNE WITH ENCRUSTED FLOWERS AND FRUIT; ENGLISH, c. 1810. (Height: 1 ft. 9 ins.) (Lories Ltd.)

The 1959 Antique Dealers' Fair was due to be opened on June 10 by the Brazilian Ambassador, Senator Chateaubriand, and was to be open to the public on the following days until June 25, from 11 a.m. until 7.30 p.m., except on Sundays. Admission to the Fair costs 5s., and season tickets may

be obtained for £1. The 1959 Fair is the nineteenth of its kind, and as usual a large number of both London and provincial dealers are displaying their finest works of art. All of them are for sale, and pieces sold are constantly being replaced, so that there is no fear of late-comers finding nothing to purchase.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ECONOMICAL INSECT-SPINNERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE kinkajou, second cousin to the panda, lives in the trees in tropical America. One of its peculiarities is that it can wrap the end of its tail around a branch and hang suspended from it. A second peculiarity, and the one which constitutes its chief claim to fame, is that having done this it can resume its position on the branch by climbing up its own tail. This is a remarkable gymnastic feat but there is less to it than the performances of so many caterpillars which if they do not literally climb up their own saliva at least use the products of their salivary glands to this end.

Perhaps the best known in this respect, in this part of the world, is the caterpillar of the green tortrix moth, also known as the pea-green moth, and also as the green oak-roller, the last name being the result of the behaviour of the caterpillar. This is the caterpillar that feeds on oak leaves and can, in a bad season, defoliate the trees over a wide area. It has the habit when disturbed of quickly dropping 6 ft. or more, to hang swaying in the breeze on a silk thread given out from its salivary glands. When the disturbance subsides the caterpillar climbs up the thread again to resume its destructive feeding. Presumably this is a protective device against predatory birds.

Other caterpillars are given to the same trick, and one of them, less familiar, is the caterpillar of the scorched carpet moth that feeds on spindle trees. The name merely refers to reddish-brown markings on the wings of the adult moth. Here again, in common with so many other caterpillars of butterflies and moths, the materials of which the silk thread is formed are the product of the salivary glands.

In the use they make of silk, spiders are apt to steal the limelight, but there is no reason why they should. It is the caterpillar of a moth, the silk-worm as we call it, that has been supplying mankind with enormous quantities of this commercially valuable commodity for many centuries, and this is by no means the only insect to make use of silk. Spiders may use it in a spectacular manner but the ingenuity shown in its use by insects is the more astonishing. The oak roller is an example. Not only does it use the silk for an escape rope or lifeline, but it uses it also in the trick that gives it its name: that is rolling the edge of the oak leaf to fashion for itself a safe retreat. It turns the edge of the oak leaf into a neat cylinder and secures it in place with threads of silk.

One of the earliest accounts of an ingenious use of this multi-purposes material is found in the classic text-book on entomology by Kirby and Spence, written well over a hundred years ago: "In the beginning of spring, if you examine the leaves of your pear trees, you will scarcely fail to meet with some beset on the under surface with several perpendicular downy russet-coloured projections, about a quarter of an inch high, and not much thicker than a pin, of a cylindrical shape, with a protuberance at the base, and altogether resembling at first sight so many spines growing out of the leaf. You would never suspect that these could be the habitations of insects; yet that they are is certain. Detach one of them, and give it a gentle squeeze, and you will see emerge from the lower end a minute caterpillar, with a yellowish body and a black head. Examine the place from which you have removed it, and you will perceive a round excavation in the cuticle and parenchyma of the leaf, the size of the end of the tube by which it was concealed. This excavation is the work of the above-mentioned caterpillar, which obtains its food by moving its little tent from one part of the leaf to the other, and eating away the space immediately under it."

This is a pleasant description of an interesting natural phenomenon; and the pear trees do not suffer a great deal from the works of the caterpillars. With a slight alteration of the wording this same description could very well be used of the larva of the clothes moth, which also shelters in a silken tube, but the result has in our eyes less charm.

Silk is, as we ourselves have found, capable of being put to many uses. Insects mainly use it as a protection, and especially in the form of a cocoon at the pupal stage, against enemies or the elements. Sometimes the cocoon is made of some other material and the silk forms no more than a delicate lining, serving no other purpose, it seems,

than to prevent the entry of bacteria or mildews that might otherwise attack the helpless pupa. In some instances the silk is impregnated with calcium oxalate or some other substance distasteful to birds. Or the cocoon may be of a tough construction which probably insulates the pupa from excessive changes in temperature or from damp; and it may also protect the pupa from desiccation. It may, when decorated with other materials, form a camouflage, as in the puss moth, where the cocoon has interwoven with it fragments of wood and sawdust, so that it becomes invisible in the crevice in the bark where it is usually fixed.

A better protection still is in the cocoons which are attached to grass stems or hang from leaves. There is then no solid support for birds to perch

is pear-shaped, with an opening at the lower end, and this has a ring of stout spines converging outwards to a point. Nothing can get into the cocoon from the outside but the moth inside can easily push the spines apart to make its exit.

Contrasting with this extravagant expenditure of material, the caterpillar of the large tortoise-shell butterfly merely gives out enough silk, at the time of pupation, to form a sticky pad from which it can hang suspended. Others, like the caterpillar of the brimstone butterfly, do much the same but in addition throw a loop of silk around the middle of the body securing its ends to the midrib of a leaf.

Tent caterpillars effect an economy by the communal use of silk. They construct a web in the form of a flimsy bag in which a small company lives together, resting in the bag by day and



HANGING BY ITS OWN THREAD FORMED BY THE SALIVARY GLANDS: THE LARVA OF THE SCORCHED CARPET MOTH (*LICDIA ADUSTATA*).
Photographs by M. W. F. Tweedie.

THE SAME LARVA CLIMBING UP THE THREAD, WHICH, AS IN THE CASE OF MANY OTHER CATERPILLARS, IS OFTEN A MEANS OF AVOIDING ATTACKS BY PREDATORY BIRDS.

IN THE COURSE OF ITS CLIMB: THE LARVA OF THE SCORCHED CARPET MOTH RESTING. DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE DESCRIBES THE WAYS IN WHICH A NUMBER OF INSECTS MAKE USE OF SILK.

on while pecking, and cocoons placed in such positions give a high immunity from attack as compared with those fixed on a solid support.

The amount of silk used is variable. The cocoons of the silk moth are complicated and consist of three layers. There is an outer loose layer and a thin, papery inner layer. The middle layer only yields commercial silk, some 1500 ft. of it or more. The silk itself must represent an easily expendable material in the insect's economy, and the same must be true of many other caterpillars which, on pupating, spin cocoons so stout that special devices are needed for the adult insect to find its way out. The puss moth is one, and this has to soften the wall of the cocoon with strong caustic potash—of all things—and even then it needs to use the front part of the hard pupal case to cut its way out. This happens to be appropriately shaped for the purpose and to have a series of hooks on it by which it can be held on the head of the newly-emerging moth.

The emperor moth also makes an elaborate cocoon but its design precludes the need for drastic treatment to allow the emerging moth an exit. It

comes out at night to devour the foliage. Caterpillars of the lackey moths use this kind of communal shelter for resting in, particularly when casting their skins, and they lie on its surface when sunbathing.

The early stages of butterflies and moths do not have a monopoly in silk. The male emerald fly captures a small insect and wraps it in silk to present to his lady-love when courting, apparently to keep her occupied so that she may not devour him. Embiids, small primitive insects, less than half an inch long, weave tunnels of silk leading into subterranean galleries, perhaps as protection from enemies. The interest here is that these insects have the silk-glands in their feet, and when weaving the silk move their front legs as we might use our arms. The tunnels are communal, with twenty or more occupants at a time. Both sexes do the weaving, and the nymphs, or youngsters, also live there, taking advantage of the tunnels the parents have woven. Yet, if taken out experimentally, the nymphs, even if newly-hatched, will themselves start to weave tunnels as good as those made by the adults.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXIV. DOVER COLLEGE.



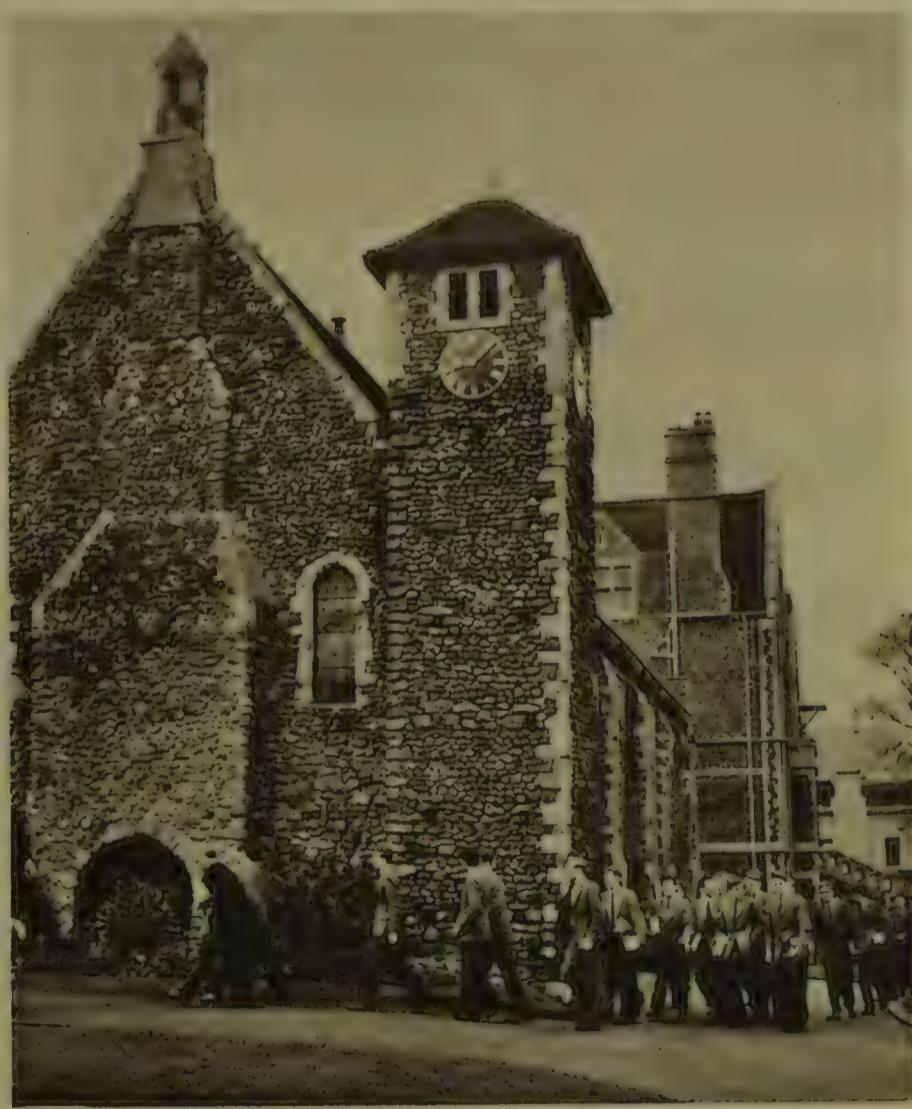
THE CHOIR AT PRACTICE IN THE ANCIENT CHAPEL—FORMERLY THE GUESTEN HOUSE OF THE NORMAN PRIORY OF ST. MARTIN.



SAFELY LOWERED TO EARTH ON A ROPE: THE BOY SCOUT TROOP "SAVES" A LIFE DURING A TRAINING PERIOD AT SCHOOL HOUSE.



BOYS LEAVING THE OLD GATE LIBRARY BY THE RESTORED WOODEN STAIRCASE. THE LIBRARY—ON THREE FLOORS—WAS PAINTED BY PETER DE WINT.



ON THE WAY TO MORNING LESSONS: A MASTER AND HIS CLASS PASSING UNDER THE OLD CLOCK TOWER, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE CHAPEL.

Dover College was opened in 1871 through the initiative of certain citizens of Dover to give "a first-rate Public School education at a moderate cost." The buildings, however, date back to 1130, as the College occupies the site and the remains of the Priory of St. Martin, surrendered to Henry VIII in 1535. There is evidence of a school run by the monks in mediaeval times, and there is also a tradition that King Stephen died in what is now the Headmaster's garden. The first Headmaster, the Reverend W. Bell, started with fifteen boys

and a part-time assistant master. From the first there were day boys and boarders. Mr. Bell was a builder in every sense. During his reign of twenty-one years the boys won university scholarships, and went on to win several blues and county caps at rugger. Two new boarding-houses were added, new classrooms built, and more land was acquired. The Guesten House of the Priory, used since the Dissolution as a barn, was restored and consecrated as the school chapel, and the Gate House was turned into the Library.



AN EVENING "BREW": THE HEAD PREFECT, J. R. BECKETT, ENTERTAINS TWO FRIENDS IN HIS STUDY, WHICH IS HUNG WITH TWO STRIKING MASKS.



IN THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY: MR. T. H. COBB, WHO HAS BEEN HEADMASTER SINCE 1958, DISCUSSES MATTERS OF MOMENT WITH SOME OF THE SCHOOL PREFECTS.



MEMBERS OF THE BOAT CLUB OVERHAULING THEIR CRAFT IN THE SHEDS: DOVER HARBOUR PROVIDES EXCELLENT SAILING, AND INSTRUCTION IS GIVEN BY MASTERS.



A SCENE OF CONCENTRATION AND HARD STUDY: AN EVENING "PREP" PERIOD IN SCHOOL HOUSE.



D. C. BUTLER, OF OTTAWA, DELIVERING HIS SPEECH AT A MEETING OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY IN THE GRAND HALL.



ARTISTS IN THE MAKING: MR. M. F. ARMYTAKE



TAKES A VOLUNTARY CLASS IN THE ART ROOM.



SMARTLY TO ATTENTION: MEMBERS OF THE CADET CORPS—which was started in 1901—PARADING BEFORE AN ANCIENT, RUINED WALL.



THE MUSIC WHICH BEGAN IN NEW ORLEANS: THE SCHOOL JAZZ CLUB IN ACTION IN ITS DECORATIVE PREMISES.

An early benefactor of the College was Dr. Astley, "an Old Etonian with a long purse and a bass-viol." He gave the apse, added to the Chapel when it was restored, the organ, an upper storey of the classrooms, the first sanatorium and science laboratories and a portion of the playing fields. In 1892 the Reverend W. C. Compton, from Uppingham, succeeded Mr. Bell. In his time the Junior School was opened in a house about 400 yards away, and the Juniors have ever since been a feature of College life. In 1896 the College



A SCENE IN A PREP-ROOM: THE "BUNKS," OR STUDY RECESSES, ARE COPIED FROM THE "TOYES" OF WINCHESTER.



THE HISTORY ROOM IN THE LIBRARY, WHICH CONTAINS A WOODEN STATUETTE FROM THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN.



ALTHOUGH NO ACTUAL LIVE BEES ARE INVOLVED, THESE STUDENTS OF BIOLOGY REALISTICALLY PRACTISE THE TECHNIQUE OF BEE-KEEPING.

reached a total of 200 for the first time. The prep-rooms were provided with "toyes" on the Winchester model, called at Dover "bunks." In Mr. Compton's time the College reached a peak in achievement and general estimation which it had a hard struggle to attain again after the First World War. Mr. Compton was succeeded in 1910 by the Reverend F. de W. Lushington, who resigned in the first year of the war. Mr. Lee, an Old Dovorian and a former assistant master, came from Cranbrook, where he was Headmaster,

Specially photographed for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

and immediately evacuated the College to Leamington. When it returned, there began a period of reorganisation and expansion. In 1923 the College was reconstituted by Royal Charter. A fourth boarding-house was bought and converted, and a house for day boys was started. Science teaching and accommodation were expanded. The College had an exceptionally large number of Old Boys killed in the war, and the purchase of the buildings from the Dover College Company by their fellow O.D.s was for the purpose of a

memorial to them. In 1934 Mr. G. R. Renwick became Headmaster, and started schemes which have become features of the College, particular attention being paid to sailing, in which any boy may have instruction. In 1936 Bursaries were granted to sons of officers in H.M. Colonial Civil Service. In 1946 the first exchanges were made with the Collège de Juilly, near Paris. Now there are three schools in France and two in Germany with whom exchanges, lasting for a term, are made. In 1939 the College again went into exile.

DOVER COLLEGE: VARIED SCENES AND GENERAL ACTIVITIES.



A RELAXED SCENE IN THE PREFECTS' ROOM; SOME OF THE SENIOR MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL ENJOYING A CUP OF TEA.



A FOUR-HANDED GAME OF TABLE TENNIS IN THE RECREATION ROOM IN CRESCENT HOUSE, THE HOUSE FOR DAY BOYS OPENED IN 1956.



SCHOOL ASSEMBLY AT 9 A.M. IN THE GRAND HALL, FORMERLY THE REFECTIONERY OF THE ORIGINAL MONASTERY.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE—AND PART OF THE CHAPEL—SEEN ACROSS THE BEAUTIFUL LAWNS FROM THE MASTERS' COMMON ROOM.



AN INFORMAL DISCUSSION IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP, WITH ITS SWEEPING BAY WINDOW. TO THE LEFT IS THE SCHOOL POSTING BOX.



A VIEW OF THE OLD GATE HOUSE LIBRARY, WITH ITS OUTER WOODEN STAIRCASE AND ARCHWAY.

As many boys came back as had been evacuated, but a great deal of rebuilding had to be done. In 1954 Mr. Renwick resigned, and Mr. A. D. C. Peterson, O.B.E., joined the school. His reign lasted for three years only, but during that time he stimulated a greater interest in intellectual things, and he made the College better known both in England and on the Continent. He laid plans for expanding the exchanges into an International Class, the appeal for which was launched in a letter to *The Times* over the signatures of Lord

Ismay, René Pleven and Adlai Stevenson. A house and seven classrooms were built, and a home found for the Juniors. He made experiments with the curriculum, and no one was surprised when he left in 1957 to become Director of Education at Oxford. His successor had but to put the finishing touches to bring the International Class into being, and it opened in September 1958. Distinguished O.D.s include the late Lord Maugham, Archbishop Mowll; Adrian Stoop, Richard Aldington and Frederick Ashton.

TEMPLES AND A PALACE OF THE ELAMITES: NEW FINDS AT TCHOGA-ZANBIL.



FIG. 1. THE PALACE OF THE KINGS WHO BUILT THE ZIGGURAT OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A LARGE ROYAL BUILDING RECENTLY EXCAVATED IN THE OUTER CITY.



FIG. 2. ALSO NEWLY EXCAVATED IN THE LAST SEASON AT TCHOGA-ZANBIL: A GROUP OF FOUR TEMPLES, INCLUDING THAT OF PINIKIR, GODDESS OF FERTILITY AND PROCREATION.

For a number of years now the French Archaeological Mission in Persia has been excavating under Professor Dr. R. Ghirshman, the great Elamite ziggurat at Tchoga-Zanbil, not far from Susa; and previous articles by Dr. Ghirshman on this great undertaking have appeared in our issues of December 6, 1952; August 8, 1953; July 3, 1954; June 25, 1955; September 8, 1956; and July 13, 1957. In our present issue Dr. Ghirshman records the completion of work on the ziggurat

itself and the promising beginnings which have been made in the Sacred Quarter and the Outer City. With the exception of Figs. 1 and 2, which are by the Consortium des Petroles Iranien, all the photographs are by Dr. Ghirshman. During the campaign of the winter of 1958-59 the fourth and last gate of the ziggurat was reconstructed. In clearing the entry we found the head (Fig. 15) and the feet of a bull in painted terracotta. [Continued overleaf.]

A UNIQUE ELAMITE MASTERWORK: AN IVORY MOSAIC FROM TCHOGA-ZANBIL.



FIG. 3. THE STAIR AND BRICKED-UP DOORWAY LEADING TO TOMB II, ONE OF THE PRESUMABLY ROYAL TOMB CHAMBERS FOUND UNDER THE PALACE.

Continued from previous page.] The body of this figure, which was broken into several fragments and carries a long inscription, had been found four years earlier under the stair (see our issue of June 25, 1955). Some pious hand had no doubt sheltered this head from destruction in a distant corner of the gateway. In the east corner of the Sacred Quarter (which is a square with a side some 437 yards [400 m.] long) there were brought to light four new temples (Fig. 2) where the faithful had deposited a number of votive objects. Among them, a statuette of a woman, in *frit*, is very like the statue of the Queen Napir Asu, the wife of the king who built the ziggurat, which was found at Susa more than fifty years ago. The head of a man in *frit* shows the refinements of Elamite art of the second millennium (Fig. 9). The offerings include vases in the form of a woman's head (Fig. 10) or twin heads (Fig. 11). In the temple of the goddess Pinikir, goddess of fertility and procreation, were found a lioness and a ram (Fig. 7), several monkeys (Fig. 6), some doves (Fig. 4), and eyes of bitumen, shell and stone (Fig. 5) which give the impression of affirming the omnipresence of the goddess. Between the perimeter wall of the Sacred Quarter and the outer wall of the city there stretch [Continued below.]



FIG. 12. A "NO HEELTAPS" GOBLET-STAND OF PAINTED TERRACOTTA, MADE TO HOLD SEVEN GOBLETS WITH ROUNDED OR POINTED BASES. THIS WAS FOUND IN THE PALACE.



FIG. 4. A GROUP OF DOVES CARVED OUT OF FRIT: VOTIVE OBJECTS FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF PINIKIR AT TCHOGA-ZANBIL. DOVES ARE FREQUENTLY ASSOCIATED WITH FERTILITY GODDESSES.



FIG. 5. VOTIVE EYES, MADE FROM STONE, SHELL AND BITUMEN. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THEY SYMBOLISE THE ALL-SEEING OMNIPRESENCE OF PINIKIR, IN WHOSE TEMPLE THEY WERE FOUND.



FIG. 9. A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE FINER POINTS OF ELAMITE CRAFTSMANSHIP: THE HEAD OF A MAN, IN FRIT, FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF PINIKIR.

FIG. 10. ALSO FROM THE TEMPLE OF PINIKIR: A RITUAL VASE IN THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN'S HEAD. THE EYES ARE OF INSET SHELL.



FIG. 13. AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY (FROM THE PALACE): ONE OF TWO PANELS OF IVORY MOSAIC, RECONSTRUCTED BY MME. GHIRSHMAN, SHOWING IBEXES RAMPANT ON EITHER SIDE OF SACRED TREES AND A HEAD IN RELIEF.

Continued.] districts of dwelling-houses which were also, it seems, vast necropolises, the Elamites of this era, we believe, seeking to be buried within the shade of their great Sacred Tower. Here a palace was excavated (Fig. 1). In one of the long reception and banquet rooms we have found two identical panels of ivory mosaic (Fig. 13) which have been carefully reconstructed by Mme. Ghirshman. These show the head of a winged deity surmounting a frieze of ibexes standing before a sacred tree. These panels were probably the ornaments of some piece of furniture, and near them lay a lion carved in *frit*. Several cups and goblets, scattered through the long suites which surround a large courtyard, have been

UNIQUE CREMATION BURIALS IN A ROYAL PALACE IN THE OUTER CITY.



FIG. 6. LITTLE MONKEYS, IN FRIT, FROM THE TEMPLE OF PINIKIR. THE MONKEY IS A FREQUENT EMBLEM OF FERTILITY IN BABYLONIA AND PRESUMABLY THE ANIMALS WERE IMPORTED, PERHAPS FROM AFRICA.



FIG. 7. ANOTHER GROUP OF SMALL VOTIVES CARVED FROM FRIT AND FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF PINIKIR, WHO MAY PERHAPS BE EQUATED WITH ISHTAR: A RAM (LEFT) AND A LIONESS.



FIG. 11. A CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF FIG. 10: A DOUBLE RITUAL VASE MADE FROM LINKED FEMALE HEADS. LIKE FIG. 10, IT IS CARVED FROM FRIT.



FIG. 8. THE INTERIOR OF TOMB IV. ON THE PLATFORM LIE ONE SKELETON AND THE CREMATED REMAINS OF TWO PERSONS.

Continued.] Their vault and width reach 13 ft. (4 m.). In Tomb IV we found on a mortuary couch an intact skeleton beside which lay, in shapeless heaps, the remains of two persons who had been cremated (Fig. 8). Elsewhere, in Tomb II, the remains of five cremations had been laid out direct on the beaten soil (Fig. 14). The cremation had taken place outside the tombs; the dead were burnt with their arms, their jewels and their funerary furniture which had been reduced by fire to shapeless masses of gold, silver and bronze. These remains of burnt bones, metal and cinders had been wrapped in fabric and carried down into the tombs where we removed them from the textiles, which, after thirty-five centuries beneath the earth, fell into dust on contact with fresh air. The practice of cremation of the dead has never yet been found among the Elamites, several "normal" tombs of whom were discovered at Susa. We still do not know if this kind of inhumation was not perhaps a privilege of the Elamite Royal family and indeed the monumental aspect of these tombs suggests that they are Royal tombs. (Dr. Ghirshman's excavations, which have already revealed much about the little-known Elamites, promise to provide even more as this huge site gives up its secrets.)



FIG. 14. THE REMAINS OF FIVE CREMATIONS LYING ON THE FLOOR OF TOMB II. ALL WEAPONS, JEWELLERY AND GRAVE GOODS HAD BEEN BURNT WITH THE DEAD AND SURVIVE ONLY AS MOLTEN LUMPS OF METAL.

found, as well as a dish with seven holes which served to support goblets which were not designed to stand (Fig. 12). After having raised the floor in some rooms of the palace, we discovered five monumental tombs. Access to them had been carefully filled in with baked bricks, bitumen and cement. These sealed entries gave on to staircases equally carefully built of bricks, which led down about 20 ft. (6 m.) below the floor of the rooms to carefully walled-up doorways (Fig. 3). The actual hypogeaums have most impressive dimensions. They are built of baked bricks bound together with two courses of cement and one of bitumen and they reach a length of 55½ ft. (17 m.). [Continued above, right.]



FIG. 15. A PAINTED TERRA-COTTA BULL'S HEAD, FOUND NEAR THE NORTH-EAST ENTRANCE OF THE ZIGGURAT. THE BODY OF THIS FIGURE WAS FOUND IN FRAGMENTS AS LONG AGO AS 1954.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NEW LAMPS AND OLD

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is long since I have felt so heartened as on the early summer night when I came from Bernard Miles's Mermaid Theatre by the Thames. Closing his ears to cries of woe about the living stage, Miles has gone steadily ahead, built his theatre, put on his first play, and looked with quiet confidence to the future.



AN AMOROUS SCENE FROM "LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS," AT THE NEW MERMAID THEATRE.

In this scene from the musical, adapted by Bernard Miles from a play by Henry Fielding, a startled Hilaret (Stephanie Voss) attempts to escape the clutches of Justice Squeezum (Richard Wordsworth), while on the upper floor the Justice's wife (Hy Hazel) simultaneously receives the attentions of a lover, Ramble (Frederick Jaeger). (First night, May 28.)

He is an astonishing and an endearing figure, a man of faith, whose faith has moved the City of London to support him. And I have no doubt whatever that he will move playgoers to put Puddle Dock among—quite reasonably—their ports of call. It is easy to reach the Mermaid. A couple of minutes from Blackfriars Station, and there you are in the broad foyer of the theatre that has risen where once the shell of a warehouse stood. Within, the auditorium descends in a wide, steep rake to join a stage that is not separated from us by proscenium or curtain. At the Mermaid, when the play is in progress, company and audience are one. The stage is the entire width of the theatre; it has a central "revolve" that must make some of us want to run up and turn a handle. "Expectation whirls me round," said Troilus: anyone who at the theatre preserves something of a child's blissful excitement—and so your true playgoer should—must be fascinated by the way in which Peter Coe, the Mermaid's director, has whirled round his scenes in this first play, "Lock Up Your Daughters."

The Mermaid, or Miles's Dream, is right on the waterfront. From its restaurant you look away towards the site of Shakespeare's Globe. I believe Shakespeare, man of the theatre that he was, would appreciate the splendour of the new project. No doubt those with ears to hear will catch the wraith of a trumpet-call as it sounds a ghostly salute across the Thames from Bankside to Blackfriars. Everyone must respect this adventure. I am not exploring theatrical finance here—Heaven forbid!—but it does seem to me strange that while we are cheering the rise of the Mermaid, established now by one man's determination, the National Theatre remains a forlorn foundation-stone on the South Bank, and most of the money for the arts in Britain goes to the maintenance of a single opera house. This, too, in Shakespeare's country: it must be a puzzle to visitors from abroad.

Wisely, Bernard Miles has not tried to send the Mermaid off with anything too ambitious. He has chosen a musical play that is gay to hear and amusing to watch: his own version of a comedy (from the "Beggar's Opera" period) that he has neatly re-fashioned. Fielding wrote the original blend of the satirical and the farcical; Laurie Johnson has now added a pleasant score, and Lionel Bart the lyrics. They decorate the tale of a "coffee-house politician" who, concerned less with his family than with the state of Europe and the affairs of the Dauphin and the Turks, allows his daughter to ramble. What happens you ought to find for yourselves at Puddle Dock where Stephanie Voss moves wide-eyed through the City, Richard Wordsworth (Mr. Justice Squeezum) is a revellingly wicked grotesque, Hy Hazel's Mrs. Squeezum asks with some impatience, "When does the ravishing begin?" the papers flutter to the coffee-house floor, and the Mermaid stage turns and turns and turns.

I was less happy by Avon than by Thames. When we left the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre after "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Stratford-upon-Avon was in profound serenity, the river curving in shadowed silver between the bridges and Holy Trinity Church. The evening soothed, and we needed soothing because we had just met a performance of the fantasy of Athens-by-Arden that had had most of the poetry stripped from it. Too many directors in the current classical theatre care little for the word. They are anxious to take an old play and, at any cost, to do something new to it. Peter Hall is a young man of high talent, but in his anxiety to equip the "Dream" with comic business—in what one has to assume is a country-house revel—and to exaggerate the racing and chasing of the lovers, he has lost all sense of the haunted night of the Athenian wood, and of the gleaming moonshine of the verse.

If it is old-fashioned to ask a director to preserve the sound of Shakespeare, and not to fuss about with a great play for the sheer sake of

the décor (no "weeds of Athens" in the present costumes), and Peter Hall's inventive and sometimes superfluous charade-business, fail between them to compensate for the flatness of so much of the speaking. I except Anthony Nicholls, whose Theseus has style and a glint of humour, and the Lysander, Albert Finney, who has always managed to speak Shakespearian verse, and who is unlikely to be laughed out of the habit.

Among the rest all must be amused by the comic sense of Vanessa Redgrave, the Helena. The Mechanicals are ably enough done, though inspiration flashes only when Charles Laughton, as Nick Bottom, is recalling the wonder of the night's dream without knowing what exactly had happened to him in Titania's bower. Laughton is to act King Lear during August: he must regard his hempen homespun as a holiday exercise. Mr. Hall has cut out Mendelssohn, and his fairies, so he says with pride, are not "balletic." No complaints about that, but I do complain about the mediocre speaking of the Immortals (though Robert Hardy, who has a voice, manages a speech or two), about the cut in "The forgeries of jealousy," and, all said, about the wanton withdrawal of poetry from the loveliest fantasy in the English tongue.

Thames, Avon—and, in "Marigold" (Savoy) the Forth. We get no nearer to it than Edinburgh Castle. The year is 1842, and Marigold has run from the manse to the dashing lieutenant. True, Queen Victoria happens to be visiting Edinburgh as well, but that is a minor event. The old play has come up agreeably now in a version by Alan Melville that keeps the gentle simplicity of the original and has Charles Zwar's tunes as reinforcement. Sally Smith is demurely determined, Sophie Stewart warmly protective. A spoonful of excellent jam; cynics in search of astringency should go elsewhere.

I have just room to say that Alun Owen's "The Rough and Ready Lot" (Lyric, Hammersmith),



THE REPRISE "FASHIONABLE PAIR" FROM "MARIGOLD," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.
A gay Scottish scene from the new musical romance based on an old play by L. A. Harker and F. Pryor which, writes John Trewin, "has come up agreeably now in a version by Alan Melville... and has Charles Zwar's tunes as reinforcement." (First night, May 27.)

fussing, then I am old-fashioned and expect to remain so. It is easy to appreciate some of the pictorial qualities of this Elizabethan hall behind which the Wood glimmers. Much use is made of gallery and stairs. But Lila de Nobili's way with

set in the Latin America of nearly ninety years ago, has a talkative fervour and some real skill in character-development. "Swinging Down the Lane" (Palladium) offers Max Bygraves in song and Rob Murray juggling with bitter resolution. "Who's Who" (Birmingham Repertory), by an actor, Terence Lodge, is roughly about war in Weer and the identity of Hoo. A bit muddled, but very promising, and a play written firmly for the living theatre by a dramatist that believes in it. I dare say David Horne, author of "The Prodigal Wife" (Winter Garden), believes as thoroughly, but he did not persuade me in this "serious comedy" of football pools and faith that his mind was really on his work: one of the less heartening nights.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "FAREWELL, FAREWELL, EUGENE" (Garrick).—Margaret Rutherford and Peggy Mount in a new comedy. (June 5.)
- "THE SPLENDID OUTCASTS" (Pitlochry).—A play about the Borgias by Rosemary Anne Sisson. (June 6.)
- "DETOUR AFTER DARK" (Fortune).—Stephen Murray in a drama by Lucia Victor. (June 8.)
- "A TASTE OF HONEY" (Criterion).—Shelagh Delaney's play transferred from Wyndham's. (June 8.)
- "THE TEMPEST" (Old Vic).—"Or, The Enchanted Island." Adapted from Shakespeare by Davenant and Dryden; score by Purcell. (June 9.)



A STUDY IN WITCHCRAFT AND POWER: MADAME MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS AS MEDEA IN CHERUBINI'S OPERA.

The famous singer Maria Callas will be appearing at Covent Garden in this little-known opera in a series of five performances starting on June 17. "Medea," which was first put on in Paris in 1797, was very popular on the Continent in the last century but has only been heard twice before at Covent Garden—in 1870. This production comes from Dallas, Texas, and is the first part of an exchange between the two opera houses. In return Dallas will

get the Zeffirelli production of "Lucia di Lammermoor" later on in the year. "Medea" promises to be a most successful production since, on May 19, when the box office opened for the sale of tickets, there was a queue of more than 1500 opera lovers waiting to buy their seats. Seven of them had been waiting for three days and nights to make sure they would get them. Madame Callas, making one of her rare English appearances, is the real draw.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



OH, MR. PORTER!

By ALAN DENT

JIMMY PORTER reviles the world, and he hurls incessant insults first at his wife, and then at the mistress who succeeds her, because both are upper-middle-class and he is lower-middle-class. All the many other classes that exist seem to find him entertaining—and these may include even his own! (The career, successful or unsuccessful, of the film made from "Look Back In Anger" will prove how far this may be so.) For Jimmy Porter—need it be explained?—is the angry young hero of John Osborne's astoundingly successful play of the same name. As a play it could hardly be more successful. It has shaken Great Britain and the Commonwealth. It has rocked New York. It has travelled like wild-fire through Europe, and it has gone as far into Asia as Turkey, where it ought to be called "Look Back in Ankara."

Yet the play itself is slight, and has not even any great dramatic validity. Why, then, the fuss? It is—it must be—because Jimmy Porter is the spokesman of a whole section of his generation which, without taking much thought, wants to blame the whole state of the world upon the generation preceding. He has the blazing and unusual virtue of being tremendously, vituperatively, scathingly *articulate*. To use a vulgarism—and we may well do so in such a connection—he knows how "to shoot his big mouth," and shoot it he does, without let or hindrance or reticence. If we are to give him a Shakespearean status he is a little like Parolles in "All's Well." But he is still more like Thersites in "Troilus and Cressida"—an abuser so violent and so vivid that Shakespeare has the marvellous good sense never to have him on the stage for more than five minutes at a time.

But Jimmy Porter is hardly ever off the stage or the screen at all. He abuses us all the way through. He is self-centred, vehement, boorish, and even disgusting. But—on the stage at least—he was indubitably credible, undeniably alive. That was the play's signal virtue. In the film he becomes much less credible—and therefore even

with Hamlet. The identification just cannot be brought about. Mr. Burton knocks Mr. Osborne's play sideways and sends it reeling dizzily into perdition. We come out of the cinema

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



GARY RAYMOND, WHO IS APPEARING IN "LOOK BACK IN ANGER" (ASSOCIATED BRITISH PATHÉ).

"Gary Raymond as the Welsh boy, Cliff Lewis, in the film of 'Look Back in Anger,'" writes Alan Dent, "fulfils his part perfectly and touchingly. It is only fair to add that it was the best-written and the likeliest part in the play, and it continues so in the film. His performance haunts one with its verisimilitude even though so good an actor as Richard Burton and so superb an actress as Dame Edith Evans appear in more elaborated rôles." The film—directed by Tony Richardson—began its career at the Empire, Leicester Square, on May 28.

murmuring: "The time is out of joint. O cursed spite, that ever Jimmy Porter was born to set it right!"

The two women, Alison and Helena, are played respectively by Mary Ure and Claire Bloom—both fully adequate and both quite wan—and no wonder with such a man to love! But might I suggest to Miss Ure, who has a great deal of ironing to do (in what corresponds to the first act), that she really ought to have some kind of garment under her iron? She just irons away at the old tartan rug which is used as a pad in this process. And might I suggest to Miss Bloom that even Helena, who is supposed to be a no-better-than-average actress in the local rep., would not make tea by placing four or five spoonfuls of that commodity in water that had gone off the boil? I cannot imagine where film-directors are when such things are done. Nor can I

imagine what actresses are thinking about—or not thinking about—when they let us see them ironing or making tea so deplorably badly. It may be good enough for Jimmy Porter. But it is not good enough for us!

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE BUCCANEER" (Paramount. Generally Released: June 8).—A highly-coloured and hectic melodrama with Charles Boyer, a wildly miscast Claire Bloom, and Yul Brynner with his bald pate covered with what may be either a wig or his own hair, but which is anyhow unconvincing and ineffective—like the film itself.

"CARRY ON, ADMIRAL" (Renown. Generally Released: June 8).—A nautical and insistently naughty farce which has the saving graces of David Tomlinson and Peggy Cummins and a little wit (though not very much of it).

"PASSPORT TO SHAME" (British Lion. Generally Released: June 1).—A sensational and absurd affair in which London's unhappy harlots are rescued from the precipice's edge by a posse of taxi-drivers.

The other young man, the Welshman called Cliff, who enjoys the household's wrangling with a smile and a shrug, is beautifully played by Gary Raymond, who took the part in the last revival of the play that I saw. This character is, in fact, the play's best justification. He is a subtle and well-observed young man who would rather live with this quarrelsome married pair than by himself or with any other single party. He is understandable in his way, and Mr. Raymond makes us understand him fully. A new character is introduced into the film in Ma Tanner, the old Cockney woman who has financed our hateful hero with his sweet-stall. This is given to no less an actress than Dame Edith Evans, who could not play badly if she tried. But here again why does the director, Tony Richardson, allow her a death-scene in which not a syllable, excepting the word "down" twice repeated, is to be heard? My adoration of this consummate actress makes me bitterly resent her death-scene being so badly directed. Her other scenes are lovely and touching and intensely human. Incidentally, the ugliness of the Midland town in which it is all supposed to be happening is very well conveyed—only too well.

There is another new film in which we see another great actress graciously condescending to play a small part quite beautifully. This is "Shake Hands with the Devil," a tale of the troubles in Ireland in 1921, and this one is notably well directed by Michael Anderson. It is easy for us to murmur Wordsworth to the effect that this is all about "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." But it is not so easy for the



ALISON (MARY URE) LOOKS ON RESTLESSLY AS HER HUSBAND JIMMY (RICHARD BURTON, CENTRE) HAS A MOCK QUARREL WITH THE WELSH LODGER, CLIFF (GARY RAYMOND): A SCENE FROM "LOOK BACK IN ANGER."

less bearable—because he has been entrusted to quite the wrong young actor. Someone—it may easily have been Tony Richardson who directs the film as he did the play—has had the sublimely wrong notion of casting one of our very best young Shakespearean actors, Richard Burton, for the part. Mr. Burton, as the world knows, has been in his short time an excellent Hamlet—I last saw the performance at Elsinore itself. He has also been Coriolanus and Iago, Othello and Henry V. With a curl of the lip and a lot of make-up he could play Richard III and, come to that, he would be my very first choice for Thersites.

But when this magnificent young actor plays a crusted character like Jimmy Porter you see him all the time vainly trying to identify that character



JIMMY PORTER (RICHARD BURTON) AND HELENA (CLAIRE BLOOM) IN A SCENE FROM "LOOK BACK IN ANGER."

In this tender scene Jimmy and Helena decide to begin a new life together, after seeing off their friend Cliff (Gary Raymond).

Irish to forget their bitter struggle and sorrow, and this film has an impressive sincerity about it. James Cagney gives a towering performance as a little man who is not only a Professor of Surgery but a rebel-leader as well; and there are many other excellent portrayals, notably one by Cyril Cusack as a poetical and dreaming farmer with his country's cause at heart. My own favourite moment in this film is when the involved Lady McHugh, accused of sheltering an armed rebel in the boot of her little car, rounds on her judge (Sir Lewis Casson) with the splendidly indignant question: "What right have you, an Englishman, to sit in judgment on me, an Irish woman, in my own capital city?" The judge visibly crumples up, as well he might, for the lady is Dame Sybil Thorndike at her most proud and fiery.



"AN ALLIANCE OF LIKE-MINDED PEOPLE": HER MAJESTY OPENING THE ATLANTIC CONGRESS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

A special fanfare by Sir William Walton announced the arrival of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh for the brief opening ceremony of the Atlantic Council on June 5th—a gathering of nearly 700 delegates from 14 of the 15 member-States of N.A.T.O., Iceland being absent. In her opening speech the Queen stressed that the Atlantic community was an alliance of like-minded

peoples and that it was therefore something much more profound than a formal agreement between Governments and leaders; and Mr. Macmillan said that it was characteristic of the alliance that the congress had not been organised by Governments but was due to the work of the Parliamentarians of member-States—"It is a true back-bench affair."

IT is not often that a work of reference provides suitable material for the reviewer, but the latest volume of THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, 1941-50, edited by L. G. Wickham Legg and E. T. Williams, is a fascinating exception to this rule. The decade which it covers saw the deaths of an unusually high proportion of the great men of this century, ranging from statesmen such as Lloyd George, Baldwin, and Smuts to entertainers such as Tommy Handley and Bernard Shaw. The art of recent biography is a highly specialised one and, indeed, not the least interesting aspect of the new volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography" is the extraordinary uniformity of the elegant style of the individual contributors. If I had to make a choice, I think I should give first place to Tom Jones's memoir on Lloyd George. Few men, of course, were better placed to write about that brilliant, if unreliable, character than Tom Jones, who was so close to him for so long. Here is his analysis of the man he knew so well and the politician whom he so competently aided:

Possessed of great ability, shrewdness, and nimbleness, neither an echo nor a borrower, he always displayed innate independence and immense courage. He had abounding energy, lived intensely and positively, and was more resourceful and subtle than any of his ministerial colleagues. Neither metaphysician nor mystic, he was artist and actor with nothing prosaic or pedestrian about him; in the daily traffic of life his charm was irresistible and his good temper unfailing. His instinctive adaptability to every sort of audience was uncanny and on high occasions his eloquence overpowering. He secured innumerable successes in parliamentary debate by his harmonious command of voice and gesture, imagery and humour. Endowed with an exceptional sense of the realities of political power, he did not disdain the popular arts of the demagogue, and there were moments when he stooped to low artifice.

I particularly liked the *lithotes* of that "there were moments when he stooped to low artifice."

Not all contributions, in spite of what I have just written about the uniformity of their style, are up to this high standard. I was disappointed, for example, by Mr. Forbes Adams' contribution on my beloved chief, the late Lord Lloyd. However, this is a small and isolated criticism of a fascinating book.

On anyone who is susceptible to atmosphere as I am, a former church of the Templars, near Toledo, has a powerful effect. I do not say that it is haunted, but there is certainly a curious atmosphere of evil emanating from it. Before I read Miss Edith Simon's THE PIBALD STANDARD, which she calls "a biography of the Knights Templars," I had always assumed from an inadequate knowledge that the unpleasant air surrounding this church was in some way due to the demonolatry with which the Templars were charged (among other unpleasant practices) at the time of their downfall and dissolution. Miss Simon's book, however, leaves me with the impression that the charges against the Templars were, on the whole, trumped up by Philip the Fair of France and that their downfall, at the height of their power, was due to no graver sins than that of being too wealthy and too successful. One charge which can never be successfully sustained against this curious order of religious Knights was that of lack of courage. Among the motley and undisciplined feudal armies of the Middle Ages, the Templars stood out for their disciplined obedience to central direction. They may, as I have said, have suffered from the sin of pride, but their sudden destruction and the judicial murder of their leaders is a reminder that totalitarian methods of injustice are nothing new.

When Stowe was first converted into a school, the grounds were overrun with rabbits, a matter of no small profit to this Literary Lounger, who successfully evaded all forms of scholastic activity and, together with a friend, caught the rabbits, sold them at 6d. a time to the workmen who were converting the great 18th-century house into a school, spending the proceeds on whipped-cream walnuts, chocolate ginger creams and cracknel bars and (ugh!) sweetened condensed milk sucked out of the tin. We were much assisted in our profitable activities by a little dog which had a head and tail of an alsatian but the body of a dachshund. Its owners called her, I believe, Mickey. We christened her Heinz, as the parentage was quite clearly of 57 varieties! I remembered Heinz when Stephen Potter's book THE MAGIC NUMBER came my way. This is the story of 100 years during which this famous firm, founded in Pittsburgh, has grown until the varieties of its products number far more than 57. As any of his admirers will expect, Stephen Potter tells the tale of this remarkable culinary-industrial enterprise with eloquence and wit, and its appeal will be to a far wider circle than the traditional housewife.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

A part of the world which has occupied a warm place in my affections for the past thirty years is East Anglia. Some find the East Anglians, with their Danish suspicions and their Huguenot radicalism, a trifle intimidating. Others, such as myself, are content to accept the crumbs of friendliness which is as much as a stranger—however long acquainted—can expect of those who regard inhabitants of a village two miles away as foreigners; and content to revel in the wide skies

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AN attempt is being made, in the international tournament at Zürich, to revive the idea of a copyright in chess-game scores.

The financing of chess tournaments has always been an anomalous business. When a famous singer performs in front of 2000 or 3000 people they have already paid to hear him; when two boxers meet in the ring they know that their bruises have already been handsomely paid for at the box office. Radio, television and film rights swell the totals and present no special difficulties in collection.

Of a chess master's audience, however, only an insignificant fraction attends at the actual time and place of his performance. His real audience consists of the hordes of enthusiasts, in a hundred different lands, who play over his games afterwards. Long after he is dead, the game he played on June 15, 1959, may be providing pleasure and instruction in chess text-books. For all this, he receives nothing directly and very little—in the form of prizes and invitations to other tournaments—directly.

The obvious analogy is to authors, and music composers. As a result of a century-long struggle, authors' rights are now cared for, even after their deaths. Some countries remain outside the copyright union even now. And what a fight it has taken to get as far as this!

The problems attached to chess are so manifold, it is a miracle that reasonable prizes have continued to be raised. Spas and resorts have, however, found it profitable to pay quite handsome sums for the publicity a chess tournament secures them in the world's Press; and as private patrons' generosity has waned under taxation, industrial patrons have come forward, such as the big petroleum company which recently financed a tournament in Holland.

The Zürich organisers have announced that they will NOT hand out the scores of the games played, but will publish them in a book of the tournament immediately afterwards. From this book, they hope to recover some of the outlay involved in bringing three Americans, an Icelander, a Dutchman, a Dane, a Hungarian and three Russians to Switzerland, keeping them there for a month and providing four-figure prizes.

When Emanuel Lasker tried to copyright his own games in a World Championship match half-a-century ago, the world's Press boycotted him. The world demand for chess news may have increased since then; but so has the amount of chess news available. On the whole, I think the experiment has better chances of succeeding now.

Also, a certain forbearance is being shown, and certain scores have already been released. Here is a game in which the Soviet Union's brilliant twenty-two-year-old Tal crushes a Swiss entrant mercilessly:

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KUPPER White	TAL Black	KUPPER White	TAL Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	14. P-KKt4	Kt-R5
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	15. P-B3	P-Kt5
3. P-Q4	P×P	16. B-B2	Kt×KtP!
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	17. K×Kt	P×P dbl.ch
5. Kt-QB3	P-QR3	18. K×P	Castles KR
6. B-KKt5	P-K3	19. R-QKt1	Q-R4ch
7. P-B4	P-Kt4	20. K-Q3	QR-B1
8. Q-B3	B-Kt2	21. Q-B2	B-R1
9. B-Q3	B-K2	22. R-Kt3	P-K4
10. Castles, QR	Q-Kt3	23. P-Kt5	P×Kt
11. KR-K1	QKt-Q2	24. Kt×P*	B×Kt
12. Kt(B3)-K2	Kt-B4	Resigns	
13. B×Kt	B×B		

* Why not 24. P×B . . . ? Because of 24. . . . R×B! e.g., 25. K×R, Q×Pch; 26. R-Kt2, R-B1 ch, etc. . . .

and in marsh and fen and estuary flats and superb old churches and unspoilt villages. For (thank Heaven for an inefficient train service!) East Anglia is largely unspoilt. Its charm, especially in its immediate past, and its past over the last century is admirably caught by Allan Jobson in AN HOUR GLASS ON THE RUN. This is Mr. Jobson's story of East Anglia as he knew it in his childhood, and as he felt he knew its earlier past through the eyes and the sayings and doings of his farmer grandparents. The title of his book comes from a sentence of poor, mad, gentle countryman-poet John Clare, dead this century or so—1864—and too little esteemed to-day.

It is all here; the songs of the schoolchildren, the country sayings, the customs and the epitaphs in the churchyards. (Indeed, that Hampshire Grenadier whose custom of "drinking cold small

beer" was his downfall has found his rival in imprudence in the other military gentleman quoted by Mr. Jobson:

Beneath this little mound of clay
Lies Captain Ephraim Daniels,
Who chose the dangerous month of May
To change his winter flannels.)

Nostalgic? Of course—and the better for it. Here is nothing of whimsy but a wholly delightfully-written book for the country-lover and balm to the enforced townsman when "the world is too much with us."

I am what "our brethren 'neath the Western sky" call a sucker for "Whodunits," particularly "Whodidits"—and, more particularly, reconstructed crimes such as Edgar Lustgarten evokes so admirably. SEVEN SHARES IN A GOLDMINE, by Margaret Larkin, the story of the attempt of a well-known Mexican theatrical figure and a ne'er-do-well to destroy an aircraft by means of a time-bomb for the sake of the insurances which the rascally pair had taken out on the lives of seven of the passengers was just my meat. Mrs. Larkin was on the aircraft when the bomb exploded in the forward baggage compartment in 1952 when it was flying from Mexico City to a place called Oaxaca. Her description of her terrifying experience while the captain brought the plane down to a forced landing with a huge hole in the fuselage and another in the nose is—due to its happy ending—satisfyingly exciting. But her description of the pursuit, apprehension and trial of the "Grand Delinquents," as the Mexican papers called them, and of the inconsequential ways of Mexican justice makes excellent reading.

This seems to be a bad season for novels—indeed, generally speaking, the standard of novels seems, year by year, to decline. Nevertheless, I must give full marks to two and fair marks to another couple. I was greatly taken by Robert Carson's LOVE AFFAIR, a lively and well-constructed picture of Hollywood now that the movies are in decline. The central characters are agreeable enough—though perhaps a trifle on the inelegantly outspoken side in their language and their discussion of their sex-life—and their confrontations with triumph and disaster are occasionally moving. As, however, I regard Hollywood, its inhabitants and their absurd doings as the next thing to space fiction (and I don't believe in Martians) it was a triumph on the part of Mr. Carson to interest me at all. The book is witty, written at a pace which belies its 430-odd pages, and otherworldly—at least from mine.

The second book in the Alpha class is A CHANGE OF MIND, by the young Australian writer G. M. Glaskin—the story of an accountant who fools about with hypnosis and changes souls (in this day, of course, it is called minds) with a young mechanic. It has been done before by others, but Mr. Glaskin (thank Heaven for it in this day and age) is a story-teller, and that is why the book and particularly its climax rates that alpha.

In the Beta class is DEAD MAN'S BAY, by Catherine Arley, which begins and ends well enough, but beginning and end are the reverse of the schoolboy's definition of netting—"a lot of holes tied together with string." The story starts with what looks like a strangely haunted house. It ends with a madwoman (the heroine), the lover over the cliff with a bullet in him, and the husband who has contrived this ending, realising that his crimes must find him out. Yes. Readable—but only fairly so.

On second thoughts, it was wrong of me to put DEATH OF A REGIMENT, by John Foley, into the Beta class. This book must definitely be promoted. Others can better judge how good a picture it is of the details of armoured warfare. But, like Mr. Glaskin, Mr. Foley knows how to tell a story and to tell it well and movingly and his book is well worth the modest fifteen shillings asked for it.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by L. G. Wickham Legg and E. T. Williams. (Oxford University Press; £5 5s.)

THE PIBALD STANDARD, by Edith Simon. (Cassell; 30s.)

THE MAGIC NUMBER, by Stephen Potter. (Max Reinhardt; 18s.)

AN HOUR GLASS ON THE RUN, by Allan Jobson. (Michael Joseph; 18s.)

SEVEN SHARES IN A GOLDMINE, by Margaret Larkin. (Gollancz; 21s.)

LOVE AFFAIR, by Robert Carson. (Heinemann; 18s.)

A CHANGE OF MIND, by G. M. Glaskin. (Barrie and Rockliff; 15s.)

DEAD MAN'S BAY, by Catherine Arley. (Collins; 10s. 6d.)

DEATH OF A REGIMENT, by John Foley. (Cassell; 15s.)



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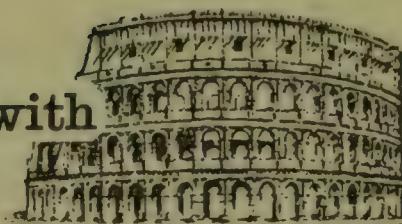
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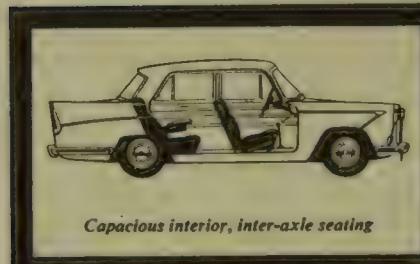
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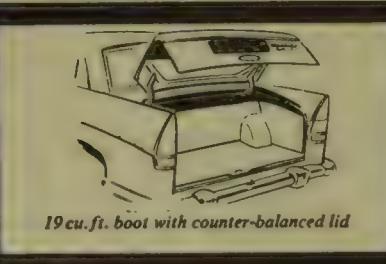


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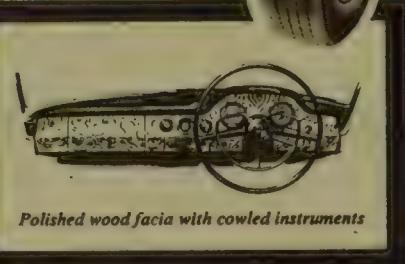
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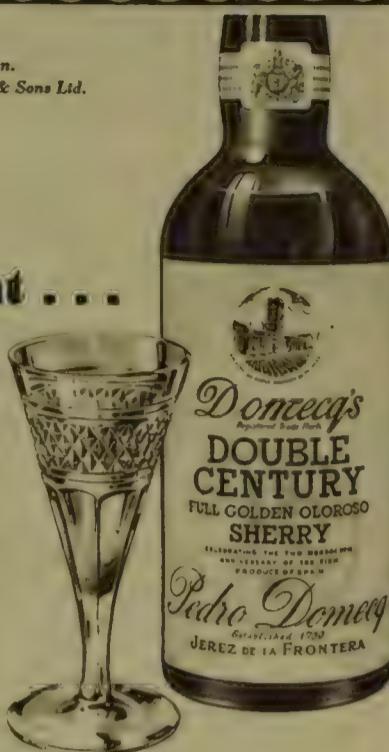


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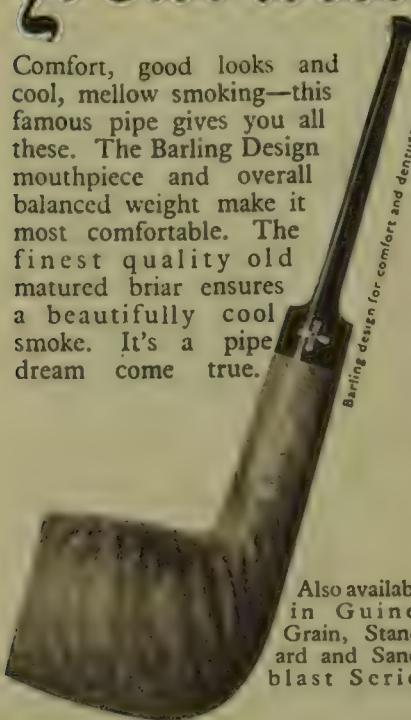
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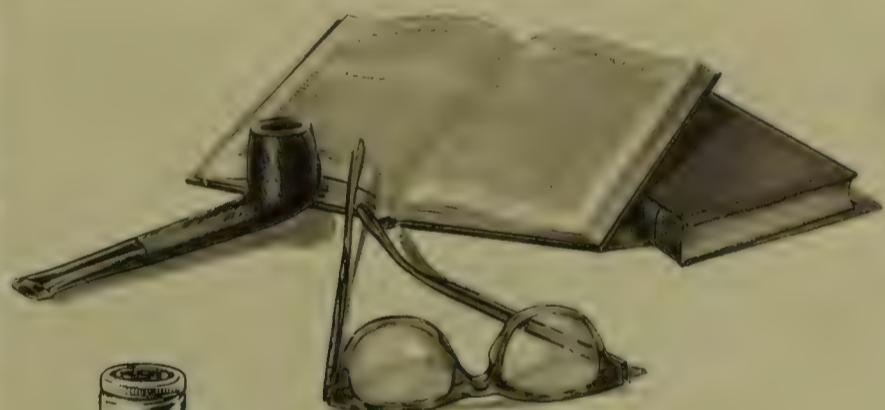
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Every year there are a few exhibits which are especially unusual and interesting: pieces which, in addition to being of the highest value, are also bound to catch the eye less familiar with the world of antiquities. This year, for example, Blundell's is exhibiting a tapestry portrait of George II, which used to hang over the fireplace in the Weavers' Hall and which was later purchased from the Weavers' Corporation by a major of Dublin. The weaver was a certain John Vanbever who also executed a tapestry on the theme of the Battle of the Boyne. The same battle is commemorated in the inscription to be found on a rare Jacobite glass exhibited by Delomosse. Probably made for the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, this finely-shaped goblet in fact commemorates, by a mis-spelling, "The Battle of the Boyle." The same dealer is showing a Jacobite glass which contains a portrait of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Two late 17th-century English Stump-work caskets shown by Woollett are exceptionally fine. One contains a wax portrait inside the lid, and is said to be of Nell Gwynne and to have belonged to her. Lories are displaying a set of four wax pictures, in black and gold frames depicting hunting scenes, each one about 15 ins. long and bearing engraved titles such as "Full Cry" and "Come to Earth."

Silver-work is always one of the leading attractions of the Fair. Again, for the many people whose opportunities to see exhibitions

of antique silver are limited, as well as for the connoisseur, the Fair is a fascinating and unusual event. Few things look finer when displayed than silver, and this year is no exception. Amongst a wealth of beautifully-worked pieces two interesting examples are from England in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. One is a decorated tankard—for beer or what you will—displayed by Garrard and made by Jonah Kirk, of London, in 1689, which holds no less than 5½ pints. Even the most hardened drinker might well be expected to pale at the thought. Next (of Edinburgh) is a silver cup made by J. White, of London, in 1734, which bears an inscription recording an anonymous gift to Sir Thomas Bransford to help him with his election expenses when he was a candidate for Parliament.

Among Oriental exhibits Sparks are showing an outstandingly handsome Chinese Porcelain white porcelain figure of a Ming dynasty. A later piece, a porcelain bottle of the Chien Lung period, in underglaze blue and copper red, is decorated with fantastic dragons. From Spink come two most unusual and exceedingly heavy bronze gongs, also from the Chien Lung period (1748), which let out different sounds if anyone is strong enough to pick them up and hit them.

Sabin are showing an appealing portrait by Daniel Gardner, painted in 1705, of a certain Beatrice Crampton, described as a "foolish giddy creature" who eloped to Gretna Green with a young Mr. Fell, of Oxford. From Leger a landscape by Constable, with a collection of mainly Dutch paintings, exhibited by Lories, includes a number of landscapes of great charm: a late work by Salomon van Ruysdael, a Rombouts peasant scene, and an unusual oil-painting, on paper, by van der Neer.

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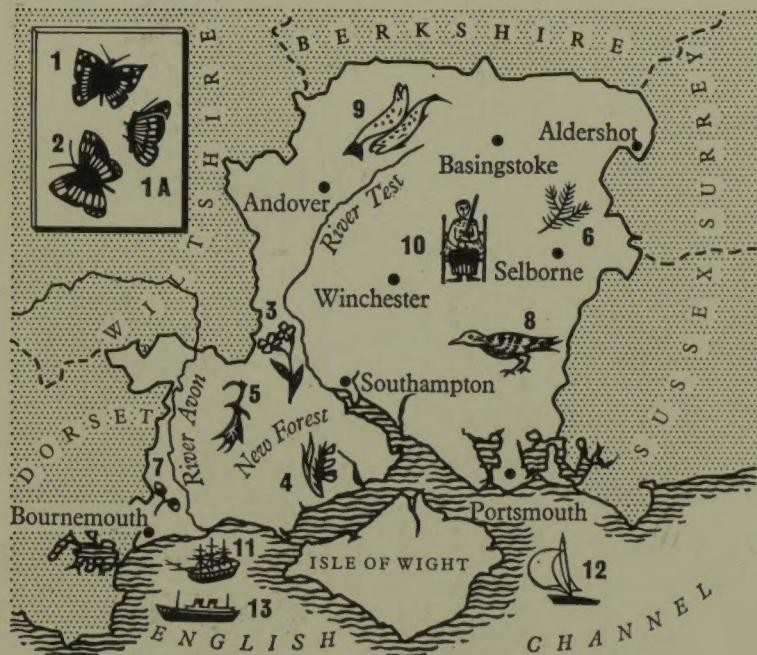


MICHAEL JOSEPH



Painted by Keith Shackleton

Shell guide to HAMPSHIRE



Hampshire is a basin of chalk lined with the gravels of the ancient hunting ground of the New Forest. To the old forest of oak and glade belong two rare butterflies, Purple Emperor (1 : underside 1A) and White Admiral (2); and two rare flowers, Wild Lungwort (3) and Wild Gladiolus (4), which hides among bracken. Fallow deer shed their antlers (5), calling to mind Captain Marryat's classic children's book, *The Children of the New Forest*, published in 1847.

To the chalk hills of the basin-rim belong Yew (6) instead of Oak (7), the uncommon Stone Curlew (8), and much that went to the making of another classic book, the *Natural History of Selborne* by Gilbert White (1720-1793), whose famous village in eastern Hampshire lies under a vast hill of chalk. Clear streams rise on the chalk and widen through reedy beds across the gravel, providing the world's finest fly-fishing for trout.

Winchester, inland, was capital of Wessex, then of England. It was joint capital with London for William the Conqueror (10), who was crowned a second time in Winchester Cathedral. Broad, deep waterways have made maritime Southampton and Portsmouth principal entrances into England; and New Forest creeks, with oak to hand, have been centres of a shipbuilding tradition from the man-of-war (11) to yachts (12) whose white sails billow below the *Queen Elizabeth* (13). Yet a third classic book, *Pride and Prejudice*, is a reminder that Jane Austen (1775-1817) lived and died in Hampshire. Her stone in Winchester Cathedral celebrates her virtues, but does not bother to mention her novels.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY H.M.S. FALCON

H.M.S. FALCON is one of the Navy's oldest names. In various forms (including Phawçon) it goes back to 1212. The illustration portrays the third ship of the name (ca. 1420) off the Tower of London, with the arms of Henry V on her mainsail and the streamer of St. George immediately above it. An archer is stationed in the main top, with javelins at hand, and the grapnel for lowering on to the enemy's deck is secured to the bowsprit end. The ship was known as Fawçon "of the Tower", a term which meant the same as "Her Majesty's Ship" does now. Today H.M.S. FALCON is the name of the R.N. Air Station at Malta.